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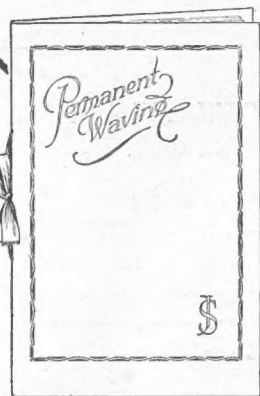
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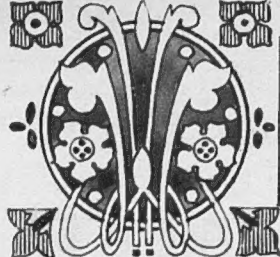
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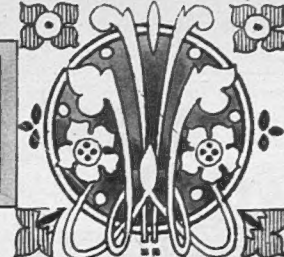
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THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1541 — Vol. CXIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



DAUGHTERS OF AN A.P.M.: MISS DIANA, MISS NOREEN, AND MISS CECILIA HAMILTON-WEDDERBURN.

Miss Diana, Miss Noreen, and Miss Cecilia Hamilton-Wedderburn are the three little daughters of Major and Mrs. H. K. Hamilton-Wedderburn. Major Hamilton-Wedderburn, O.B.E., was appointed Assistant Provost

Marshal of the London District last year. His wife is a very pretty woman, and is most popular in Society; and his three little daughters are a fascinating trio, especially when posed in one of their dance attitudes.

Photograph by C. Vandyk.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chitcot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

The Whirligig of Time.

"Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

Shakespeare had not only the trick of saying things so true that nobody could contradict them, but he could also say them so well that nobody could steal them, wrap them up in other words, and pass them off as their own.

"The whirligig of time" is, in itself, a perfect phrase. A whirligig is a comic thing, and the long view of life is always comic because mankind, seen in perspective, is always comic. In the strange but effective language of the cinematograph world, tragedy is a "close up." But no film can live on "close ups" alone. A reel of "close ups" would be a reel indeed.

"The whirligig of time" is therefore the perfect phrase for the first half of the sentence. "Brings in his revenges" is a perfect finish. Note the swing, and the rhythm, and the balance of it. No wonder it is easy to act in Shakespeare. Who could help being impressive with such a line put into his mouth?

As for the truth of the thing, you must have lived a generation or two to get the full force of that. Those who die young escape much, but they miss the consolations of the whirligig of time. They miss the ironic joke of Time bringing in his revenges.

Sentiment No Longer a Sin.

I always knew that the day would dawn when sentiment was no longer a sin. Those of us who bore the heat and burden of the day suddenly find ourselves forgiven our sins of sentiment. The W—r did it. The W—r proved something which needed no proof—namely, that humanity and sentiment are synonymous terms. Again and again I have protested that the world lived by sentiment; even to-day my brow is battered and my knuckles bleeding from the trouncings I received for daring to stick up for sentiment.

And lo! nobody is now ashamed of sentiment. On the contrary, sentiment, true sentiment, is honoured. To-day a "Londoner" dare write as follows in a London evening paper—

"The criticism passed by other countries on England is that we are a phlegmatic

and unemotional people. Yet it is not always so.

"No doubt the Lord Chief Justice went down to Manchester to deliver a speech of advice to the boys of the Manchester Grammar School, which he had attended as a lad. Better, however, than any speech was Lord Hewart's emotion. For when he rose and the cheers had subsided, and he murmured falteringly, 'High Master,' he could go no further. . . . His eyes were full of tears, and all the boys looked on in silence. . . . Yet I think that little scene and those few words will remain longer in the memory of the present-day boys of the Manchester Grammar School than if the Lord Chief Justice had delivered a high-sounding oration."

True. As true as the action of the whirligig of time.

to death in Glasgow fifteen years ago for the murder of a woman. There were circumstances in the case which induced the jury to recommend him to mercy, and the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

Do you see any chance of a happy ending to that story? No, you do not. Many people would say, "Better for the poor devil if they had hanged him right off. Penal servitude for life! Worse than any death!"

But the whirligig of time has brought in the happy ending.

One of Gray's fellow-convicts tried to commit suicide by jumping into a water-logged quarry hole. The quarry hole contained fifty-five feet of water. Gray jumped in after him, and tried to save the man's life. There was a terrible struggle, and Gray, at last, was compelled to let the man go. Another convict then jumped into the hole and rescued Gray.

What was the end of it all? The Sheriff who held the inquiry into the affair was so impressed with the gallant actions of the convicts that he asked the prison authorities to give them full consideration. As a result, Gray, the man condemned to death fifteen years ago, has been set at liberty.

Some of our novelists and dramatists, who are out for immediate literary laurels, must reconsider their final scenes. If they will look a little further round the corner, they may find the happier solution waiting to be picked up and set in its place.



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S DAUGHTER: MR. REGINALD DOUGLAS JEBB, WITH HIS BRIDE, MISS ELEANOR PHILIPPA BELLOC, THE BEST MAN, AND BRIDESMAIDS.

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Philippa Belloc, daughter of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the famous author, of Kings Land Shipley, Horsham, to Mr. Reginald Douglas Jebb, son of Mr. George R. Jebb, of Great Barr, took place at Westminster Cathedral. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by her sister, Miss Elizabeth Belloc; her cousin, Miss Bessie Lowndes; Miss Stella Benson, Miss Dorothy and Miss Winifred Koe, Miss Kay O'Leary, Miss Joyce Briggs, Miss Pauline Miller, Miss Zita Benson, Miss Clare Balfour, and Miss Joan Burrell; and Mr. Frederick Green was best man.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

Happy Endings.

We have still another stile to climb. The laggards may continue to sneer at sentiment, but they will thereby label themselves old-fashioned—a term which they funk. The happy ending will come next. The whirligig of time is going to bring in the revenge of the happy ending, which will be shown to be just as logical, and even "artistic," as the curtain of gloom.

Here is a story from real life.

A man named Thomas Gray was sentenced

disc, about the size of half-a-crown. This is the will—

February 1, 1916.—*Everything I possess, and all moneys, property, due to me by wills, wages, bank, or any other sources, I bequeath to my darling wife, Alice Maud Skinner.—Signed this day, 1st Feb., 1916, H.M.S. "Indefatigable," Wm. H. T. Skinner. Witnessed by W. H. Taylor; H. J. Way.*

The disc was eventually recovered from the sea, and the estate of £238 has been duly administered. I trust the death duties were remitted, but I doubt it.

The Sailor's Will.

Here is another little romance from real life that may have escaped your attention.

A sailor, before going into action at the Battle of Jutland, wrote his will on a Royal Navy identification

Stag-Hunting Begins: With the Devon and Somerset.



AT CLOUTSHAM FARM, NEAR MINEHEAD: THE OPENING MEET OF THE SEASON.

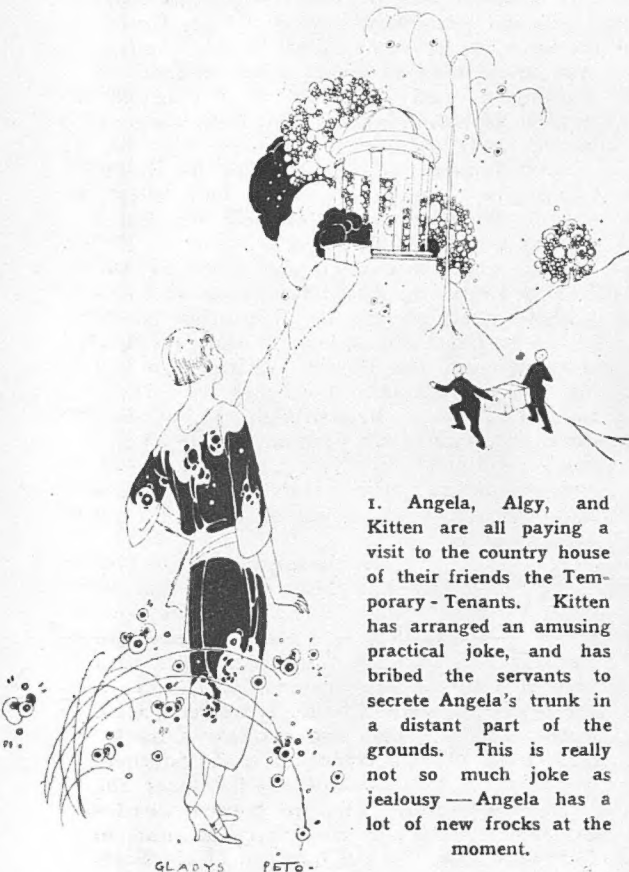
The opening meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds took place at Cloutsham last week, and, as usual, great crowds of visitors assembled to watch the proceedings. Although the executive do their best to provide a good hunt to start the season, the time of year, the immense crowds, and the fat condition of the deer all militate against the chance of a good

run. The proceedings open with the Huntsman and the Harbourer (who attends the meet to report where a warrantable stag has his lair) going out to draw the coverts with "tufters" (hounds—usually not more than four couple—used to rouse the stag), while the pack is kennelled in the farm buildings.—[*Photograph by S. and G.*]

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

Cowes.

The Royal Yacht Squadron Gardens, with Bernard Filey's band playing, may not be the kind of heaven our parsons preach about; but it is the haven of rest for tired Society leaders



1. Angela, Algy, and Kitten are all paying a visit to the country house of their friends the Temporary-Tenants. Kitten has arranged an amusing practical joke, and has bribed the servants to secrete Angela's trunk in a distant part of the grounds. This is really not so much joke as jealousy—Angela has a lot of new frocks at the moment.

after Goodwood and all the strenuous times that went before that most important of social functions.

The King and Queen, with Prince George, passed through the Royal Yacht Squadron Gardens on their first arrival at Cowes. Then we knew the Regatta Week had really begun. The Duke of Connaught arrived a little later, looking particularly well and appropriately nautical in his white yachting cap and blue serge suit. The Marquise de Hautpoul, who accompanied him on a first walk, wore a simple white serge coat and skirt, a white soft felt hat, and a white knitted scarf.

Prince George, who took an early opportunity of playing a game of lawn-tennis, was to be seen walking with "Harry" Stonor; both Lord Haddington and Lord Carnegie were in conventional white flannel trousers, dark blue double-breasted coats, and white yachting caps. Mr. Stephen White was walking with Lord Carnegie, and Mrs. Biglow with Lord Haddington, on the first day, when I also saw Lord Nunburnholme's pretty daughter, Miss Monica Wilson walking by the sea with Miss Elsie Mackay, Lord Inchcape's daughter, wearing a brick-red coat and hat. Lord Inchcape, off his yacht "Raven," himself, of course, was in his element at Cowes, as the great ship-owner, I suppose, knows as much about yachts as anyone there—if not more. His steam-yacht was the scene of much hospitality throughout the week.

Lord Dunraven's yacht, the 500-ton motor-yacht, "Sona," was also usually gay with his many friends.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam were entertaining a great deal on board their big steam-yacht, "Shemara," which has recently

returned from a short cruise to Deauville and other seaside resorts.

Then we saw Lord Birkenhead from his little motor-yacht, "Mairi," with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland both on board, and, amongst others, Lady Cheetham, the attractive Russian lady who married one of our distinguished diplomatists, Sir Milne Cheetham, who is now, I think, our Minister at Peru and Ecuador.

The Duchess of Sutherland was wearing the conventional blue serge with a little white felt hat and white shoes and stockings. Lady Cheetham was in grey and a becoming black hat.

Among the early arrivals were the Duke of Leeds, Lord Ailsa, Lord and Lady Albemarle, Lady Glentanar, and Lord and Lady Milford Haven.

Lady Glentanar was entertaining at Hamlet Lodge with her son, Lord Glentanar, who had his six-metre racing yacht "Gairney" at Cowes, as well as his comfortable motor-yacht, "Pleiosaurus."

Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring had a most cheerful house-party at Nubia House—now distinguished as the most desirable of rendezvous for Cowes Week.

Miss Viola Meeking, Lord Sondes' pretty step-daughter, was sitting with a group of girls that included Miss Gore Langton, Miss Daphne Graham, the Misses Dorian-Smith, and several others.

Sir Lancelot and Lady Rolleston were early arrivals. So were the Henry Denisons; and a party from Norfolk House (the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Woolrych Perowne) included Lady Inverclyde, Colonel Bertie, Mr. Oswald Sanderson and his brother, Mr. Harold Sanderson, Mrs. Cameron Head, and Miss Yvonne Gage.

A stroll through the hotels discovered many old friends: Captain Gordon Lennox at the Gloucester Hotel, Lady Albemarle and Lady Coke at the Shamrock, Constance, Lady Baird at the Royal Marine, where were also Sir Eustace Tennyson-D'Eyncourt, and General James; and at the Regina I found Admiral Sir Douglas Gamble, Admiral Sir George Neville, Lady Langrishe, and several others.

Everyone was regretting the fact that the King did not enter his cutter, the "Britannia," this year. But the roadsteads were crowded with more racing yachts than have been seen there for the past eight or nine years, so everyone does not see the need to economise, though on all sides one still hears of quondam rich people being obliged to sell this and that and forego simple necessities like steam-yachts and racing studs.

Their Majesties' Sense of Duty.

The thing that always strikes me as so wonderful about the King and Queen is the way they combine duty with pleasure.

The very first thing they did on their arrival was to visit King Edward's VII's Convalescent Home for Officers at Osborne, where they were received by the House Governor, Surgeon-Lieut.-Colonel Sir Warren Crooke-Lawless, who, with the matron, conducted their Majesties to see all the officers who were not well enough to assemble on the terrace. The King and Queen showed deep personal interest in each officer, shaking hands and chatting for a while with each one.

Then their Majesties visited Queen Victoria's State Apartments in another part of the house, and later left for Carisbrooke



Castle, where they had tea with Princess Beatrice.

Other people I saw at Cowes early in the week included Major Philip Hunloke, the King's Equerry, who had his cutter "Mavourneen" not far off; Major Maitland-Kersey, the well-known yachtsman; Miss Colville, Admiral Sir Stanley Colville's sister; Colonel and Mrs. Gage, who have taken Hardwicke Cottage for the month; the Finnish Minister, Mr. Donner, whose yacht "Stella" is competing in the racing; Mrs. Roland Cubitt; and the Duke of Somerset.

Marriage of Lady Moyra Brodrick and Major Henry Loyd.

I hear that Lady Moyra Brodrick made a lovely bride with her gown of shimmering cloth-of-silver, her old lace veil worn off the face, and her bouquet

of myrtle in full flower.

The beautiful old church of St. Bartholomew at Smithfield was filled with relations and friends of both bride and bridegroom. The bride's train was carried by little Michael Brodrick, her two-year-old nephew, dressed in cream satin. There were six little girl bridesmaids in long, old-rose, panniered gowns trimmed with antique silver lace and high collars—little Antonia and Clodagh Meade, Delia Loyd, Bridget Herbert, Ann



2. However, Angela has her dressing-case, and, quite undaunted, contrives a most admirable evening frock from her latest nightgown, secured by a simple posy from the garden. . . Everyone admires this frock excessively.

Mounsey, and Elizabeth Brodrick. They looked like little Velasquez pictures suddenly come to life ; but Lord Gage, in his immaculate and conventional twentieth-century morning clothes, was hardly to be mistaken for any Old Master. That is the worst of being "best

utmost to economise a little by saving excess luggage in the trains.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have just left Kylestrome, their Sutherlandshire place, where they have been fishing, for Eaton Hall, where they will spend the next fortnight or more.

Lord Aberconway has just gone off to Evian-les-Bains. Lady Yarborough has gone to take the Harrogate cure, and Lord Yarborough has gone off to some other cure on the Continent. Lady Joan Verney is staying at Étretat, but returns soon to London. Lady Bingham is shortly expected at Harrogate, as is also her sister, Grace Lady Newborough.

But the only cure *most* people are contemplating this year is the Coué treatment. Jane is quite enthusiastic about it. The other day poor Jane felt ill and looked worse. But she was dining out that night, and going to an important dance. The whole time she was dressing she looked at herself in the glass, and repeated: "Every minute I grow more and more beautiful." And bless me, if she didn't have the success of her life, in spite of an old dress and an intolerable headache. So now she means to cure all her pains and aches, as well as become her own beauty specialist!

The Prince.

What other news to-day? On all sides one hears satisfaction expressed that the Prince of Wales is really having a whole fortnight's rest from all his labours and London amusements. Although he looked remarkably well at all the dances, he was undoubtedly tired, and the peace of Bilton Park will restore him completely. He is staying with Captain and Mrs. "Freddie" Guest at their beautiful home near Rugby.

Captain Guest, is, of course, Lord Wimborne's brother, and a son of the first Baron Wimborne. His wife is a daughter of Mr. Henry Phipps, the big Pennsylvania manufacturer, who was associated with Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the manufacture of iron and steel. Mr. Henry Phipps is also specially remembered as having given one million dollars to New York for tenement houses. I believe he is particularly proud—and rightly so—of having started life as an office boy in a Pennsylvania factory: another instance of sheer hard work making a powerful citizen and a public benefactor.

Captain Guest is now the Secretary for Air and a Member of Parliament for East Dorset. He used to be in the 1st Life Guards, and during the war he was A.D.C. to Lord French during the strenuous early period. He has also been a private secretary to Mr. Winston Churchill, and for nearly three years was Treasurer to H.M.'s Household.

Captain and Mrs. "Freddie" Guest have two sons and a daughter. While I am on the subject, I suppose everyone has heard the old conundrum: "Why is Mr. Asquith such a good landlord?" and the answer: "Because he is so good to his Tenants and Guests"—apropos, of course, of when he was Prime Minister.

In London.

A day in London revealed many drawn blinds, and few faces I had ever seen before. Already the hotels are almost given over to strangers.

But dining at Claridge's I saw Mrs. Percy Bennett, looking as beautiful as ever in a bright red gown over which she had thrown one of the fashionable red Spanish

shawls, elaborately embroidered all over with giant roses and chrysanthemums.

The dancing after dinner still continues, and I noticed that the Spanish girls there were particularly graceful. I wondered why they had chosen August for their London visit.

I heard of General Sir Philip and Lady Chetwode just off to Pourville-sur-Mer, where Mr. and Lady Diana Cooper have also gone for a holiday. I saw Lady Ribblesdale, just off to Marienbad; and Lady Lister-Kaye, another American who invariably takes the waters somewhere, off to Carlsbad this year.

Then I heard that Lord and Lady Grantley have left for Vichy; Lord Wester Wemyss and Lady Wester Wemyss are already at Marienbad; Lady Bradford is at Pourville-sur-Mer for a month; and Lord Bath has gone to Aix-les-Bains.

But London is still London for Lady Cunard, who never ceases to find friends enough to entertain in her own wonderful way at Carlton House Terrace.

One night last week she dined at the Italian Embassy, where the Duke of Aosta was the guest of honour. The other guests of the Italian Ambassador and Mme. de Martino included the French Ambassador and Mme. de Saint-Aulaire, Lord and Lady Haig, Lord and Lady Bessborough, Count and Countess Azzan, Lord Chaplin, Mr. and Lady Evelyn Guinness, Sir Eyre and Lady Crowe, and several distinguished Italians whose names I am sure to spell wrong, so I won't even attempt them.

New American Embassy.

and Mrs. George Harvey have left already for Scotland. It is expected that the new American Embassy, 14, Prince's Gate, which has been presented to the American nation by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, will be ready for occupation in the autumn. Jane also saw Lady Cassillis, still in London staying at 6, Chesterfield Gardens, the London house of her sister, the Duchess of Grafton. Her own house in Charles Street is let, and she was shortly returning to Culzean Castle, the Ayrshire seat of the Earls of Cassillis.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



3. She has Algy's trunk to depend upon, also; and, working hard at dead of night, sews a fine sports skirt from a portion of Algy's "plus fours." . . .

man." You realise at the outset that you must just stand up without any disguise or trappings whatsoever. It is not *your* day. You don't count at all so long as your coat fits, and your back is presentable, and you don't lose the ring, or allow the happy pair to lose their train. Lord Gage, I hear, did all his duties nobly, and looked his best.

Besides all the family of both bride and bridegroom, Lady Salisbury was in the church, and afterwards at the reception in Portland Place. Lady Wemyss was there in brown marocain, with Lady Mary Strickland and Grace Lady Wemyss; also Lord and Lady Ranfurly; Lady Mary Fox Strangways, who wore a black satin hat, with grey silver-fox furs over a mauve crêpe dress; General Jeffreys, who came with his wife, Lady Cantelupe, who wore white crêpe marocain, with a large black satin hat; Lady Sibyl Graham; Lady Plymouth; Lady Althorp, in brown; Lady Sybil Pierrepont, in blue; Lord and Lady Tweedmouth, with their two daughters; Sir Charles and Lady Walpole; the Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Buxton; and many non-commissioned officers and men of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Battalions of the Coldstream Guards, who formed a guard of honour at the church.

The bride went away in a most becoming leaf-brown crêpe marocain dress, with a straw hat to match, to Peper-Harow, Godalming, where the honeymoon is being spent.

Other News.

And, coming and going now from party to party, one meets all one's friends at out-of-the-way railway stations or motoring along the roads with luggage piled up behind, doing their



4. . . . Worn with one of Algy's coats, this is an enormous success:—
"And rival heart-queens, envying, mourn, 'Alas Her glory!' as they pass."

GLADYS PETO.

Deauville Diversions (Being the Musings of Miranda.)



The Season of Kings.

This is to be the season of Kings at Deauville. No fewer than three reigning monarchs have announced their intention of visiting the Plage Fleurie during the month of August, and the Shah of Persia has already arrived, and may be seen strolling round the baccarat room watching the gamblers with amusement that is tinged with Oriental aloofness.

Rain spoiled the first polo match of the season. Lord Rocksavage came down specially for it, and every woman had prepared to put on her best bib and tucker in order to take tea outside the pretty little club-house while watching the game, and then not even the bravest soul, muffled to the eyes in mackintosh and sou'wester, had the courage to face the elements. It is to be a thoroughly international year for Deauville polo. The Duc de Peñaranda is getting up a team for the King of Spain. Señor Martinez de Hoz from the Argentine is going to play. Belgium is represented by M. Bamberger. Tommy Hitchcock, Earl Hopping, and Mr. M. Crockett are some of the Americans who have put down their names. England will be represented by Mr. Ralph Lambton, some of the Guests, and by General Fitzgerald. Among the numerous cups to be played for is the Arthur Capel Cup, offered by Lady Michelham. The management is in the hands of Mr. Fred Egan, the popular manager of the Bagatelle Club in Paris, who is a favourite with polo-players on both sides of the Channel.

Young Lord Glenconner, looking very like his beautiful mother, arrived during the week-end, and was initiated into the mysteries of chemin-de-fer, which, however, did not seem to prove the intense attraction to him that it is to some of us.

There has been a decided falling-off in the amount of the stakes played for during the past few days. So much of the money has gone down the *cagnotte* that until new players arrive with fresh capital it is to be feared that things will be going a little slowly. After all, to be throwing away thousand-franc notes every five minutes or so takes a bit of keeping up, and even the Semitic financiers who look upon "chemmy" as their life's amusement are looking a little blue, and already some of the strings of pearls and diamond bracelets have begun to disappear. But for all that, they still sit on there until four or five o'clock in the morning. There is nothing in the world to beat a gambler's optimism. He always thinks that if only somebody will lend him a few thousand francs he will get everything back, and win more to make a new fortune.

Theatrical Stars. The Dolly Sisters have arrived, and are causing much perplexity among croupiers and Casino attendants, who are never able to tell which

of them they are speaking to. Mitty and Tillio gave three exhibition dances in the Casino, which were a tremendous success. And any number of theatrical stars, Parisian and otherwise, are turning up to add to the brilliance of the constellation.

At last the sun has been tempted to show himself sufficiently to allow of a beginning of the famous bathing parade. Nothing very startling in the way of bathing-gown fashions has yet been seen, but it is obvious that colour is to reign supreme even in the water as well as on land, for the black *maillot* has been decidedly in the minority, and when it is worn, it is usually in conjunction with a gaudy cap; and the wraps have been gayer and more striking in design than ever. Most of us drive down leisurely in lordly limousines, all ready for the dip, and at the point where the cars draw up a row of photographers is always lined up to snap the lovely bathers as they languidly descend, throwing aside their wraps and strolling down to the little rippling waves, to drive off again after a few moments' immersion.

Puss at the Potinière.

The Potinière was startled the other morning by the appearance of a man leading a fine Persian

cat by a string. Puss was walking along in a stately manner, tail erect, and in no way perturbed by the curious looks of the dog world, from a Great Dane to a miniature Pekingese. A charming French actress has declared her intention of bringing a small pink pig one day, in order not to be outdone.

Lord Queenborough has arrived on board his yacht, "Wintonia," with a party, and the blue and white of the yachtsmen adds a note of gaiety to the scene at the Potinière in the morning. By the way, women are by no means alone in supplying the fashion interest at Deauville. This year men have blossomed forth into all manner of wonderful garments. The colours of their sweaters out-rival a garden in all the glory of a summer's day. And the gilded youth of the district makes a specialty of wearing a very décolleté shirt of Byronic cut, while shoes and socks are showy to a degree. Their bathing wraps have all the splendour of the peacock, and the little wooden chalet on the beach, where the bathers foregather for

cocktail, is a gaudy sight with all the coloured and gaily patterned wraps that are displayed there on a sunny morning.

Golf and Paper-Chases.

Golf is one of the most popular pastimes at Deauville, on the pretty links that are almost the only oasis in the place, where one loses all remembrance of the close Casino with its rows of green tables. Frenchwomen are great enthusiasts at the game, and often carry off the prizes from their English competitors. Madame Marthe Letellier, that smartest of smart Parisiennes, is one of the most ardent players here, and was doing a round with the Hon. Reginald Fellowes in great style the other day. Another constant player is the Marquise de Pidal, whose husband has been taking part in the pigeon-shooting contests with some success. The Marquise is one of the youngest-looking women in French society, and it is difficult to believe that, with her youthful face and figure, she is actually the mother of a married daughter.

A morning's amusement that has started is the Rallye Paper Chase, in which people of all ages, from seven to seventy, meet on horseback outside the Casino, and are led off by a scarlet-coated huntsman with silver horn for a canter over the countryside, finishing up at the Potinière, where their habits and riding coats make a picturesque feature in the gaily dressed crowd. The youngest followers are amongst the most enthusiastic, and there is always a delighted crowd assembled to see the end of the meet.

The parade of cars at Deauville is one of the most characteristic spectacles of the



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. OLIVER HART DYKE AND MISS MILLICENT ZOE BOND : THE BRIDE AND BRIDE-GROOM LEAVING ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, WELLS STREET.

Mr. Oliver Hart Dyke is the younger son of the Right Hon. Sir William Hart Dyke, P.C., seventh Baronet. He married Miss Millicent Zoe Bond, younger daughter of Dr. M. and Mrs. Bond.

Photograph by Illustrations.



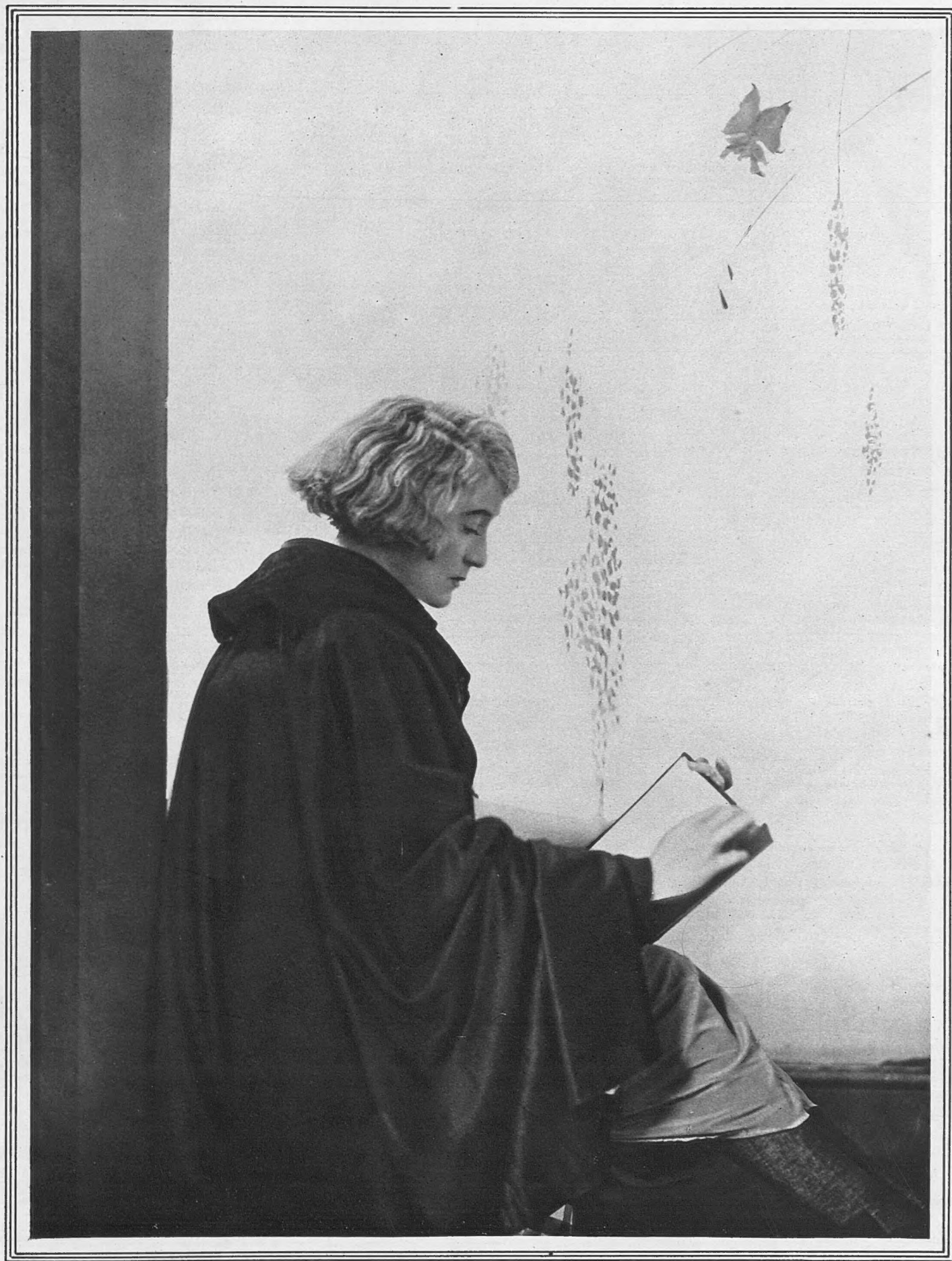
AT THE HERTFORDSHIRE HUNT PUPPY SHOW : LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE AND LADY LUDLOW, WHO IS MAKING FRIENDS WITH DEXTER.

Our snapshot shows Lady Ludlow making friends with Dexter, one of the winners at the Hertfordshire Hunt Puppy Show. Lady Willoughby de Broke, the wife of the nineteenth Baron, is on the left of the photograph.

Photograph by S. and G.

place. The rows of lordly vehicles outside the Casino at dinner time almost equals the show at a popular race meeting.

Society Portraiture – New Style: No. V.



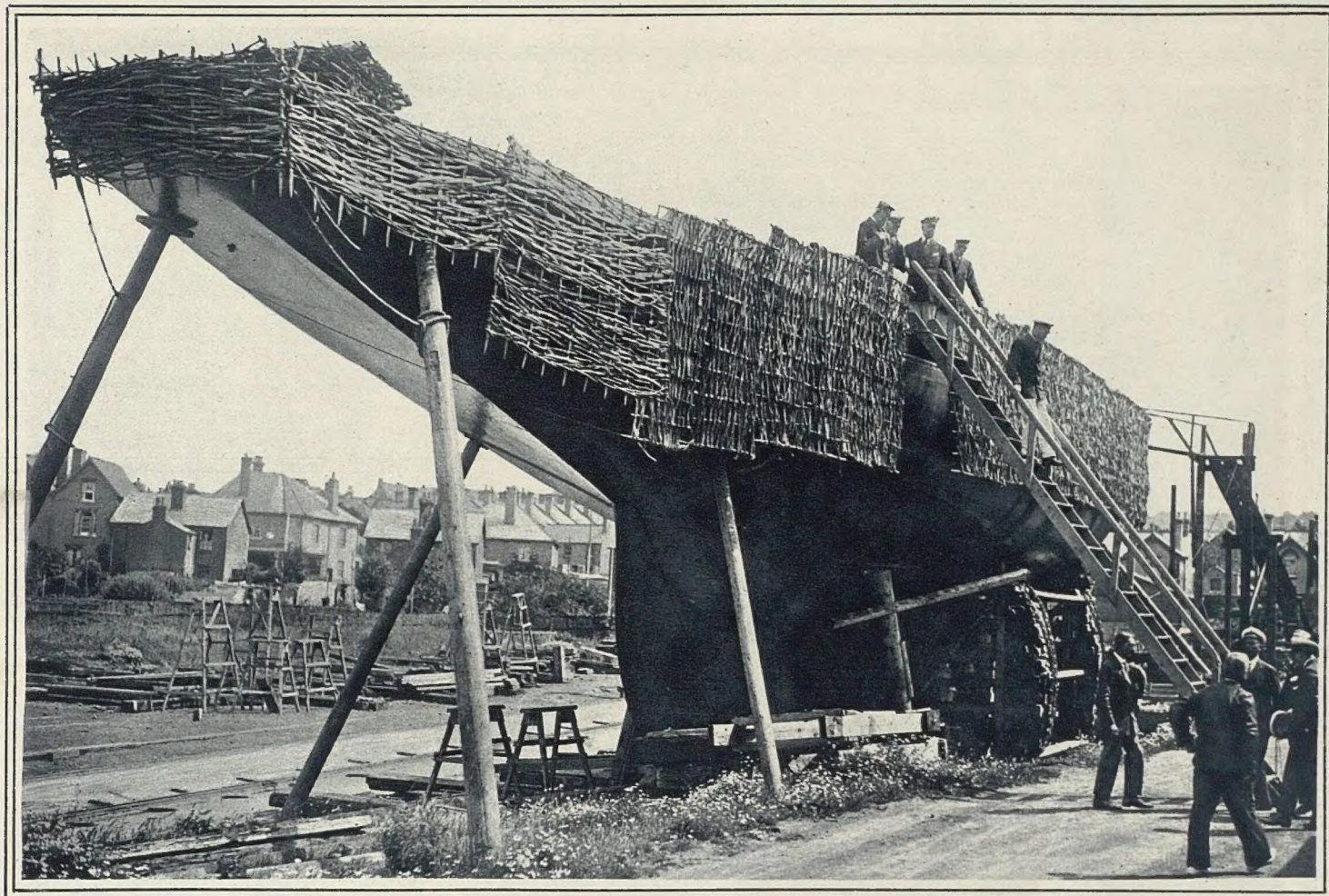
AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS-IN-LAW": THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN.

The Baroness von Hutten is one of the most popular of our women novelists. Her successful books include "Pam," "What Became

of Pam," and many others; and her latest production, "Mothers-in-Law," has just been published.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The King's Yacht High and Dry, at Cowes.



THE "BRITANNIA," WITH HER BASKET "SUNSHADE": THE KING LEAVING THE DOCKED YACHT.



WITH ADMIRAL CAMPBELL, C.B., C.V.O.: HIS MAJESTY THE KING ON THE DECK OF THE "BRITANNIA" DURING HIS INSPECTION.

His Majesty's famous racing cutter, "Britannia," is laid up at Mr. George Marvin's yard, as, for reasons of economy, the King decided not to put her into commission this year at Cowes. She lies dismantled, high and dry by the side of the River Medina, protected from the sun by basket-work erections. Her Royal owner went to pay a visit of inspection when he was at Cowes, and is shown with Admiral

Campbell, C.B., C.V.O., on the deck, and also leaving the cutter after his visit. His Majesty visited the store where the "Britannia's" gear and equipment are lying. He also looked at the lengthened mast used last year, and the reserve mast which was brought from America, and consulted with Mr. Marvin with regard to the work necessary to the "Britannia," which, there is reason to believe, will be in commission next year.

Photographs by C.N.

This Week's Studdy.



"WHAT ABOUT ME?"

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE: The Studdy Dog Portfolio, containing fifteen of the most famous of the Dog Studies by Studdy which have appeared in the "Sketch," printed in colours, on thick paper, and suitable for framing, is now on sale, price 2s.

"Paula Tanqueray" at a Tender Age.



MISS GLADYS COOPER AT THE AGE OF EIGHT: A PORTRAIT BY MR. ALFRED PRAGA, R.B.A.

This charming drawing by Mr. Alfred Praga, R.B.A., President of the Society of Miniaturists, is a portrait of Miss Gladys Cooper, the well-known actress, as she was at the age of eight. It was made in 1898, and exhibited in a collection of small portrait drawings shown at the

Graves Galleries in that year. It is interesting to compare the lovely fair-haired child with the beautiful woman who is now drawing all London to see her in the great tragic rôle of Paula Tanqueray at the Playhouse. The revival of Pinero's drama is one of the theatrical events of the year.

FROM THE DRAWING BY ALFRED PRAGA, R.B.A. COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED BY THE ARTIST.

"Paula Tanqueray" as She is To-Day.



MISS GLADYS COOPER.

A MINIATURE BY ALFRED PRAGA, R.B.A., PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF MINIATURISTS.

Mr. Alfred Praga, R.B.A., the President of the Society of Miniaturists, has just completed this beautiful miniature of Miss Gladys Cooper, and it is interesting to compare it with the portrait which he did of her when she was a child of eight. Miss Cooper's blonde loveliness is the ideal English type of beauty, and this year she has set the final seal of success on her career as a tragic actress by her wonderfully fine rendering of the rôle of Paula Tanqueray, the unhappy heroine of Pinero's famous play.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY ALFRED PRAGA, R.B.A. COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED BY THE ARTIST.

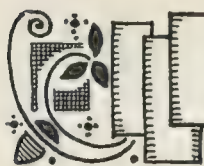
Sportswoman and Ethel M. Dell Heroine.



LEADING LADY IN "THE WAY OF AN EAGLE": MISS MARJORIE GORDON.

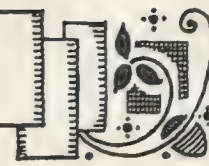
Miss Marjorie Gordon is now playing Muriel Roscoe, the heroine of Miss Ethel M. Dell's play, "The Way of an Eagle," at the Adelphi, "opposite to" Mr. Godfrey Tearle as the Eagle himself—Captain Nick Ratcliffe. She is a very charming young actress who made her début in Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, and in 1919 took to straight comedy. She

has appeared in a number of successful productions, and her rôles include those of Rose Bunting in "Nobody's Boy"; Mrs. Brown in "Who's Hooper"; and Mollie Moffatt in "Nightie Night." She is a keen sportswoman, and is fond of lawn-tennis, punting, fencing, dancing, and all forms of exercise.—[*Photograph by Yevonde.*]



The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.



THERE are all sorts of surfaces on which you can play this world game of lawn-tennis. You may run around on red rubble, or asphalt, or tar-paving, or cement, or wood or anything else that isn't grass, but the game is lawn-tennis all the time.

Still, after all, there is no surface like grass for the game — providing the lawn be "well and truly laid." The very verdure of it is a joy. Its velvety tread, firm yet yielding, has no real substitute. Grass shows up all other surfaces as mere makeshifts, enabling us to keep our hands in until the time comes round again for us to play lawn-tennis, with the accent on the "lawn."

That time, of course, is summer. Yes, quite so. I know what you are thinking of. So am I. That appalling tarpaulin! Well, what are we going to do about it? Even a sliding glass roof over the Centre Court at Wimbledon wouldn't benefit the regular tournament player very much.

A snap-your-fingers-at-the-weather lawn is very badly needed, and the other day I really believed that I had come across it. "At last," I said to myself, "here is a grass court upon which the rain may descend and the floods come with impunity. No need now for lovely ladies to hide their pretty feet and ankles in socks dragged over their shoes." For someone of the name of Tamborina (doubtless, an Italian gentleman) has invented a lawn that the rain can't get at. He advertises it as "the beautiful lawn for beautiful lingerie." I caught his meaning at once. That plentiful display of lingerie so beloved by the Press photographers is considerably discouraged by a rain-sodden court. On the Tamborina lawn the flapper can frisk and frolic and flaunt her frills and furbelows to her heart's content. How perfectly delightful!

But when I read on a bit, and found that the lawn was only forty-two inches wide, that

it was sold by the yard, and that you were to write for patterns of it, I knew there must be a mistake somewhere. There was, and it was mine. For I discovered that the advertisement didn't refer to a grass lawn at all, but to that dainty, diaphanous cambric of which ladies' underwear is made—and, shall I say, grass-widows' weeds!

I really think that something ought to be done to improve the status of umpires and linesmen. At present, as I have often pointed out, they merely rank as furniture of the court. Some players treat them as if they were kitchen tables. At the end of a match they often go unthanked. At Frinton I saw a very efficient and charming little lady umpire receive no thanks for her services. Too often are they argued with. I recently heard a very

well-known player say, "Are you quite sure?" to an umpire who had said, quite decidedly, "Out!"

Then what a bad bit of business that was in the Centre Court at New Wimbledon! A player who had been foot-faulted retained the position of his feet and then turned to the linesman and had quite a long chat about it.

examinations. The subjects should include: voice-production and elocution, eyesight, hand-writing, the laws of the game, and, last but not least, the care of the feet and foot-wear.

This last item needs explaining. No position in the lawn-tennis world shows off well-groomed and highly polished boots and shoes to such perfection as that of the umpire when on his throne. The proprietors of black and brown polish and whitening would readily pay to have an umpire's well-kept feet labelled — "These tennis shoes cleaned with the Snowflake Company's preparations. Sold in tins, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d." The revenue from this source should more than pay the umpires' salaries.

The question of the English Davis Cup team scratching to Spain is still being discussed in clubs and at tournaments. This makes four "walk overs" in the competition, and it looks as if the distances separating the various competitors is the cause of them. Anyhow, Spain have been given a nice little walk over to America of about 3000 miles!

I wish champions could win matches without sending a ball out of sight, or skying their rackets. I was told that the ball which Patterson hit into the heavens—after playing Kingscote, I think it was—came to earth just outside the Old Wimbledon ground, where it knocked an old gentleman's pipe out of his mouth. He had been waiting—dear old silly thing—for hours, expecting to see Gerald play there. And when the racket that he skied after winning the championship eventually came down, and a ball-boy proudly handed him what was left of it, I felt sure the answer to the query, "Is that necessary?" should be in the negative.

Not only was this most unsporting, but it suggested the player's ignorance of the foot-fault law, since the ball—the all-important factor—had, of course, been delivered, and the position of his feet therefore mattered nothing. The umpire, or linesman, is a judge put into court to see that the laws of the game are properly observed, and to decide any point which may arise in relation to them. I think it would stop a lot of this disputing and commenting on a judge's decision if the player guilty of it were to be fined "fifteen" for each offence. This contempt of court—for that is what it amounts to—must be punished.

On the other hand, there is a great scarcity of really efficient umpires. The position is such an important one that I'm not sure it wouldn't be advisable to pay umpires salaries. Suitable candidates might be unearthed by means of an attractively worded advertisement. Such as: "Wanted—Gentleman, tall and of good appearance, for high position (Chairman) in Lawn-Tennis World. Good eyesight and powerful voice essential. No beavers."

Failing this method, an A.E.I.O.U. (All-England Institute of Umpires) should be formed to give the proper training to those desirous of entering the profession, and to hold



AT COWES: THE GREAT GATHERING FOR THE



ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON:
LADY BARING AND MISS BARING.



ON THE LANDING-STAGE: LORD INCHCAPE, THE EARL OF HADDINGTON, THE HON. ELSIE MACKAY,
MRS. STEPHEN BIGELOW, LORD CARNEGIE, AND THE HON. MONICA WILSON.



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE YEAR:
LADY DONATIA FITZWILLIAM.



WITH MISS VIOLA BARING: SIR GODFREY
BARING, BT.



CHATTING WITH LADY PORTAL: THE DUKE
OF SUTHERLAND.

Cowes opened in perfect weather, and was, as usual, a great gathering of well-known Society people, some of whom are shown on our pages. Sir Godfrey Baring, Bt., and Lady Baring entertained at Nubia House. They have two daughters—Helen Azalea Baring and Viola Baring. Lord Inchcape had his third daughter, the Hon. Elsie Mackay, with him. He came in his steam-yacht "Raven." The Hon. Monica Wilson, who is shown with their party, is the daughter of Lord Nunburnholme, and Lord Carnegie is the eldest son of the Earl of Southesk.—Lady Joan and Lady

END OF THE SEASON YACHTING FESTIVAL.



WITH HIS MOTHER, LADY GLENTANAR:
LORD GLENTANAR.



WITH LADY LANGRISHE: SIR HERCULES
LANGRISHE.



THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF EARL FITZ-
WILLIAM: LADY JOAN FITZWILLIAM.



PRINCESS MARGARET OF GREECE, LORD GLENTANAR, LADY GLENTANAR, AND COUNT MICHAEL
TORBY (L. TO R.).



WITH LADY CHEETHAM: THE DUCHESS
OF SUTHERLAND (L.).

Donatia are the second and third daughters of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, and are shown on board their father's yacht, "Shemara."—Princess Margaret of Greece is the eldest daughter of Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece, and a niece of the Marquess of Milford Haven.—Count Michael Torby is the brother of Lady Zia Wernher and Lady Milford Haven; and Lord Glentanar is the second Baron. He and his mother entertained for Cowes at Hamlet Lodge.—The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland arrived at Cowes on the "Mairi," and Lady Cheetham was a member of the party.



The Tall Hat at Garden Parties.

The tall hat is far from falling into disuse. The only real change is that it is no longer *de rigueur* at certain functions—at garden parties, for instance. There were all sorts of top hats at the party given by Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield in the pleasant grounds of their high-perched house at Highgate. There were



ENJOYING A BROADCAST TUNE, WITH A DANCER TO INTERPRET IT! MISS BETTY COMPSON.

Our photograph shows Miss Betty Compson, the Paramount film star, listening to music all the way from Waikiki, while the Hula Hula maid dances to it as it reaches her by radio. A colour picture of Miss Compson is on another page of this number.

the white toppers of the Prime Minister and Sir Hamar Greenwood; the glossy tiles of such trimly dressed men as Sir Charles Allom, the architect, and the American Ambassador; and even conical-sided silk hats of the shape one associates with the Champs Elysées rather than with Hyde Park. But it was quite noticeable the number of well-known men who came to the garden party wearing soft felt hats—I don't include Lord Balfour, because he came dressed ready for lawn-tennis, and wore a soft felt hat to protect himself from the sun while playing. So did Lord Lee of Fareham, who looks very studious in his horn-rimmed spectacles.

The Basis of Courage.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. G. Mayes, who was one of the best lawn-tennis players at the party, is the wiry, energetic Canadian who used to be instructor in gymnastics to the Canadians, then to the Air Force, and now teaches the Greek Army. Sometimes when he plays in tournaments Colonel Mayes enters under the name of "Phil Athlete."

During the war he became known as an inspiring instructor in bayonet fighting. He wrote a manual on that method of infantry fighting which contained a number of direct, forceful phrases, such as "Frightfulness

cannot be beaten by Feebleness," and "The basis of courage is physical fitness and hardness, which can only come from games and intensive training."

Brighton Tastes.

I was down at Brighton last week-end. On the way down I met Mr. Walter Wanger, the pleasant, good-looking young man who took Drury Lane Theatre for the Lady Diana Duff-Cooper film, and now is trying his hand at The Regent, the wonderful kinema house and restaurant which has become one of the features among Brighton entertainments. He was seeking information as to the taste of Brighton in the matter of amusements. I introduced him to a man who has lived at Brighton fifteen years, travelling to London daily to attend his business.

This authority rather startled both of us when he said that Brighton and London were absolutely in non-agreement in the direction of theatrical and entertainment taste. "You would think," he said, "that no two places would be more alike, but it is not so, except at week-ends, when Brighton does become 'London by the Sea.'"

"But, if you ask me, Brighton is more conservative, more narrow in outlook than London could ever be; and I can never understand why Brighton is so often selected for 'trying out' plays written for the London stage. Birmingham, Liverpool, and Nottingham are much closer in taste and outlook to London than Brighton, although more Londoners go to Brighton than to any of these towns."

I found out afterwards that he was one of the supporters of the motor-omnibus garage scheme which is arousing such opposition the more the Brighton residents consider it. Also his Brighton landlord was wanting to raise his rent.

Throwing the Cricket-Ball.

There is a revived interest in throwing the cricket-ball—still an important item at school sports. The splendid fielding shown by most of the counties this season has probably brought this about.

One evening, after one of the matches at Brighton, F. R. Santall, of Warwickshire, and the Tonbridge boy, H. C. A. Gaunt—one of the best hitters among coming batsmen—came out to try a throw, and Santall, I believe, did a throw of 101 yards. Santall, who is the son of S. Santall,

the old Warwickshire bowler, plays as an amateur. His father went to a good school—the King's School at Peterborough—and became a cricket professional largely because he was so crazed about the game.

I have always heard it held that the climate of this country is not suitable for the looseness of joints and muscles necessary for long throwing. And G. L. Jessop once told me that the American baseball players were the best throwers he knew. They could teach us nothing about catching—in fact, there was nothing in any game to compare with the quickness of eye and hand demanded in first-class slip catching. But the long, low, fast, and accurate throwing of American baseball players was one of the impressive things in sport.

The Amateur Punting Champion.

Mr. Douglas Marshall looks like keeping a grip upon the amateur punting championship of the Thames. He has now won the event two years in succession, and there seems to be no one in the immediate offing likely to defeat him, providing he retains his form.

He is well built for punting; and his success is popular among river men, because, for one thing, he did his whack in the war. More than that, he was shot through the left arm, and it was not until about eighteen months ago that he recovered its full use. Indeed, for many months he got his exercise by playing one-handed golf. He lives at the pretty riverside village of Laleham, and



THE MODERN GIRL EXPERT IN AN ANCIENT SPORT: MISS BIRCHENOUGH THROWING THE JAVELIN.

Miss F. Birchenough is one of those training in javelin-throwing at Paddington, for the Olympic Games.—[Photograph by C.N.]

learned his punting there, and, as I said before, is the pre-eminent man at the job. All congratulations on his success.

On Land and Sea — but All at Cowes.



FOLLOWED BY LADY CYNTHIA COLVILLE AND MRS. WYNNE: THE HON. GEORGE COLVILLE AND HIS YOUNGEST SON.



ON BOARD THE "SHEMARA": LADY HEADFORT WITH HER SON, LORD BECTIVE, AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY MILLICENT TAYLOUR.



ON BOARD THE "SOLACE": FRONT TO REAR: THE HON. RUBY HARDINGE, MISS MEEKING, LADY MILFORD HAVEN, AND PRINCESS MARGARET OF GREECE; LORD MILFORD HAVEN (L.), MR. F. CHAPLIN (BACK), AND COUNT MICHAEL TORBY (R.).

The Hon. George Colville is a prominent member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. He is the youngest brother of Viscount Colville, and married Lady Cynthia Crewe-Milnes, daughter of the first Marquess of Crewe. They have three sons.—The "Shemara" is the Earl of Fitzwilliam's yacht. The Earl of Bective is the elder son of the

Marchioness of Headfort, and Lady Millicent Taylour is her only daughter.—The "Solace" is Mr. F. Chaplin's yacht. The Hon. Ruby Hardinge is the elder daughter of Viscount Hardinge. The Marchioness of Milford Haven is the younger daughter of the Grand Duke Michael, and Count Michael Torby is her brother.

Crack Men of the Crack Counties.



LIEUT.-COLONEL A. C. WATSON.

A. E. R. GILLIGAN.

A. E. R. GILLIGAN, the captain of the Sussex XI., is one of the finest all-round athletes who was at Dulwich College. One of a brotherhood of three, of whom F. W. was captain of Oxford University at cricket, A. E. R. was a Cambridge cricket Blue, and but for heart trouble might have been a Rugby Blue as well. He was a great gymnast when at school. His cricket is maturing slowly but surely. On his day he is the fastest bowler in England. Bowlers who get 6 for 20 against Yorkshire may be generally labelled as pretty useful without taking an

undue risk. Arthur Gilligan, is easily the best mid-off, and probably the best all-round fieldsman in England who can fill any position and show really first-class form. As a batsman he hasn't time to show how good he is, but that will develop in due course, and, as his bowling power wanes, he will be among the best bats in the country. As an all-rounder, he is one of the first five we possess to-day—the other four are Woolley, Fender, Kilner (R.), and Rhodes.

V. W. C. JUPP.

In practice and playing regularly, V. W. C. Jupp would come, of course, into the all-round category at once. A fine bat, good fast-medium bowler, and excellent cover-point, he is right up in the first flight.



V. W. C. JUPP.

when Sussex is getting a good licking, as thousands saw, and noted, at the Oval this season.

GEORGE COX.

George Cox, who somebody said the other day used to play with Fuller Pilch, is the sturdiest of the old 'uns now playing regularly in first-class cricket. Unless we except Robson, of Somerset, who is 51 years of age, while Cox is 47. For his years, Cox is the best first slip playing to-day, and the way he has retained his fine bowling powers is quite remarkable. His action is worth the closest study any young left-hander takes the trouble to give it.



A. E. R. GILLIGAN (CATCHING).

Secretarial duties, which include the answering of letters (though some secretaries are unaware of this) with the Northamptonshire County C.C. have kept him in the background this season. But he is going out to South Africa with the M.C.C. team, so we shall read about him in the winter.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. C. WATSON.

Lieut.-Col. A. C. Watson is a cricketer of the right kind to keep the game well alive, whether he is in the field as a batsman or merely to help to improve bowlers' analyses. Busy is the word that best describes his cricket, and he always makes it clear that the bat is in the batsman's hands to beat the ball with. A grand type to have on your side, he is never in better fettle than



GEORGE COX.



A. E. R. GILLIGAN (BOWLING).

When Germany Goes to Sea.



OF FIGURED AND PLEATED CRÊPE-DE-CHINE: AN ELABORATE MODEL.



FOR "SEA GYMNASTICS": A CLOTH-OF-GOLD GARMENT.



A SHIMMERING SEA SUIT: THE BEADED BATHING-DRESS.



The Fraus and Fräuleins have a wonderful choice of bathing dresses for wear this summer, as our photographs of swimming suits from Berlin go to prove. Whether these dazzling creations will stand the salt sea breezes—much less the actual contact of the water—seems doubtful; but they certainly are marvellous, and what's more, the German sea-shore

Society manner seems very wonderful, too! We show also snapshots from Heringsdorf, a fashionable bathing resort in Germany, from which it may be observed that there is a good deal of formality about greeting your women friends and acquaintances on the beach—to say nothing of the grand manner in which you hand a lady her bathing wrap.

Photographs by Claire Patek.



BY A SUNLIT WOODLAND LAKE: THE MARION MORGAN DANCERS.

The Marion Morgan Dancers are among the best-known open-air dancers of America, and have recently been touring the States. The f
of sunlight breaking from the dark clo

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



UNDER A LIGHTNING-STRUCK FOREST GIANT: THE DANCE OF LIFE AND DEATH.

of Death may be observed immediately under the lightning-struck tree, and the way in which the photographer has caught the shafts is an extremely clever piece of camera art.

MAURICE GOLDBERG.

A Family Study.



WITH JOAN OLIVIA WYNDHAM: MRS. GUY WYNDHAM.

Mrs. Guy Wyndham is the wife of Captain Guy Wyndham, A.D.C. to the Earl of Ypres. She is the daughter of the beautiful Mrs. Percy Bennett, wife of Mr. Percy Bennett, C.M.G., H.M. Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Republics of Panama and Costa Rica, and was married in 1920. Captain Guy Wyndham, M.C.,

is a great-grandson of the first Lord Leconfield, and son of Colonel Guy Wyndham, C.B., M.V.O., who formerly commanded the 16th Lancers, and was at one time Military Attaché in Petrograd. Miss Joan Olivia Wyndham was born last year. She is a charming young lady and is likely to inherit her mother's beauty.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street.

A Family Study.



WITH ANGELA HAIG-THOMAS: LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG-THOMAS.

Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas is the wife of Mr. Peter Haignd Haig-Thomas, and the second of the seven daughters of the Earl and Countess of Normanton. She was married in 1917, and has four

children, of whom Angela Mary, born in 1918, is the eldest. Reginald Alexander is a year younger, and the twins—Jean Henrietta Rose and Douglas James Christian—are now two years old.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

On Best Selling.

If you ever happen to meet an author who assures you that he has no desire whatever to figure as a "best seller," you may write him down, confidently and without further ado, a liar.

All authors would like their books to sell by the hundred thousand, but that is not



THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF MIDLETON'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER: LADY MOYRA LOYD, FORMERLY LADY MOYRA BRODRICK, IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

The marriage of Lady Moyra Brodrick, youngest daughter of the Earl of Middleton, to Major H. C. Loyd, D.S.O., M.C., Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Loyd, of Langleybury, Herts, took place at St. Bartholomew's-the-Great, Smithfield. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of draped cloth-of-silver. The Hon. Michael Brodrick carried her train, and there were six child bridesmaids.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

the same thing as deliberately trying to write a book which will sell by the hundred thousand.

To let you into a secret of the trade, a book that captures the imagination of the public and sells like wildfire usually catches the publisher unprepared. Neither he nor the author has expected it.

"Daisy Ashford" is a good example. When she wrote "The Young Visitors," nothing was further from her thoughts than that dukes and duchesses, earls and countesses, Cabinet Ministers and private secretaries, tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, clergymen, beggar-men, and thieves would one day be rushing about with hot three-and-sixpences in their palms trying to buy a copy. In fact, she never expected it to be published at all. It was not written for publication. It was written just as the late Grant Allen wrote "The Woman Who Did," solely for her own gratification.

The Happy Accident.

A very bad book may sell by the million. A very good book may not sell at all. One of the finest books in the English language, "Lorna Doone," would have perished unknown and unsung but for a happy accident—a stupid mistake on the

part of the public. "Lorna Doone" attracted no notice at all when it was published. I don't know how it was reviewed—I was not interested in reviews in those days; but it was probably dismissed as a "somewhat far-fetched but readable story, with a Devonshire setting. Mr. Blackmore is not one of our leading authors, but his romance will serve to while away an idle hour in the train, the hammock, or the easy chair."

Luckily for Mr. Blackmore, and still more luckily for the human race, the Marquess of Lorne, just about this time, took to wife the Princess Louise. The wedding was noticed in the Press rather more generously than Mr. Blackmore's book, and the similarity of the name did the rest. The public got the notion that "Lorna Doone" had something to do with the Marchioness of Lorne, and made a rush for the book. Who shall say that we are not a discriminating, artistic, and literary race?

That is a true story. Blackmore deserved all the fortune that came to him, and more, but it was luck that did it.

Nobody but a fool banks on luck.

The Changed Attitude.

Anyway, having once achieved a terrific sale, the author has to face the awful job of following it up. Whatever he writes after his "best seller" will be awaited with eagerness, read in haste, and reviewed at great length.

This is the merest logic. The reader says to himself, "What I am reading now will be read all over the world. It may not be as good as many another book being published, but that is not the point. The point is that everyone will read it just as everyone goes to the Derby or a Royal Wedding. I must have an opinion about it. I must be able to talk about it. The mere fact that this book will sell makes it important."

That is the situation with regard to Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's new novel. I have myself read it all through. It is my first introduction to Mr. Hutchinson. With his previous works, including "If Winter Comes," I am not acquainted. But I have read his new novel all through because I realise that the publication of it is a great event in the publishing world, and a great event in the world of fiction-readers.

Having read it, I must forget that Mr. Hutchinson ever wrote "If Winter Comes," and consider his new novel entirely on its merits—as though it were the work of a new writer. That is the only fair way.

"This Freedom."

"Rosalie's earliest apprehension of the world was of a mysterious and extraordinary world that revolved entirely about her father, and that entirely and completely belonged to her father. Under her father, all males had proprietary rights in the world and dominion over it; no females owned any part of the world, or could do anything with it."

This, at any rate, was not a universal truth. Rosalie was a member of a country clergyman's family. From the very beginning, therefore, which I have quoted to you, I was on familiar ground. And I was puzzled, because in my recollection the females owned more of the world and had more rights in it than the males.

Mr. Hutchinson, I saw at once, had gone out of his way to find an extraordinary family in which the female element was suppressed. Why? What was his little game? Was he feminist? Oh, but that would be too trite and dull. We have finished with all that—in our novels.

Was it the next turn of the wheel that he was after? Was Rosalie going to rebel against the suppression of the female, and then discover, too late, that male is male and female is female, and never can their lives and outlook and privileges be identical? Was that to be his theme for this momentous successor to his best-seller?

Rosalie's Notion.

It was. Rosalie was to grow up hating, and detesting, and despising men. She was to grow up believing that women could do all that men could do, and even more. Every experience of her life was to strengthen this mental attitude towards the male.

Mr. Hutchinson is a believer in "strong stuff." None of your subtleties for him. No leaving the sluggish-minded reader in doubt as to your meaning. If a man is to have a bad temper, let him pull the house down. A word or two will not convince the reader. A line will not do it. When Rosalie's father loses his temper at the breakfast table, he loses it so completely that you marvel it is ever found again.

"It was awful. It was more frightening than the night of the storm. Nobody ate. Nobody drank. Everybody shuddered and tried by every means to avoid catching father's rolling eye and thereby attracting the



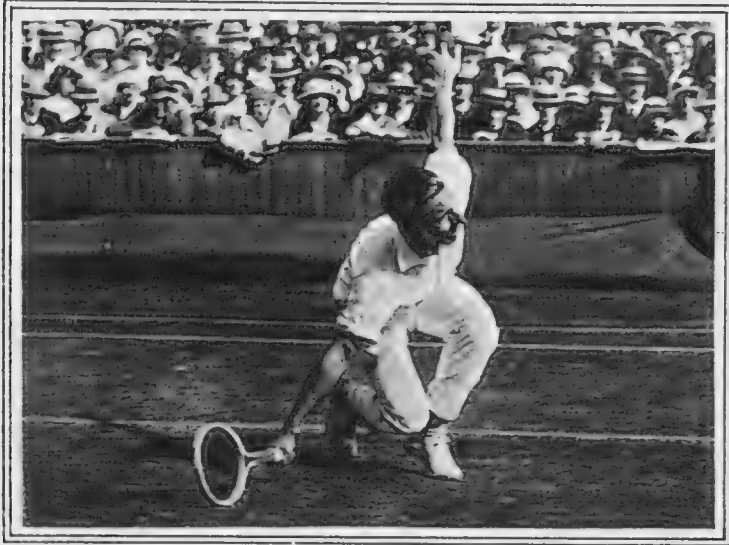
MR. BONAR LAW STANDS GODFATHER: THE CHRISTENING GROUP OF THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN DAVIDSON.

Mr. Bonar Law stood godfather to the infant daughter of Mr. John Davidson, M.P. for Hemel Hempstead. The christening took place in the Crypt of the House of Commons. The names in our photograph, reading from left to right, are: Mrs. Davidson, Mr. Bonar Law, the baby (Miss Margaret Joan Davidson), and nurse, and Mr. Davidson.—[Photograph by C.N.]

direct blast of the tempest. Rosalie—who, of course, being a completely negligible quantity in the rectory, is not included in the everybody—simply stared, more awed and enthralled than ever before. And with much

[Continued overleaf.]

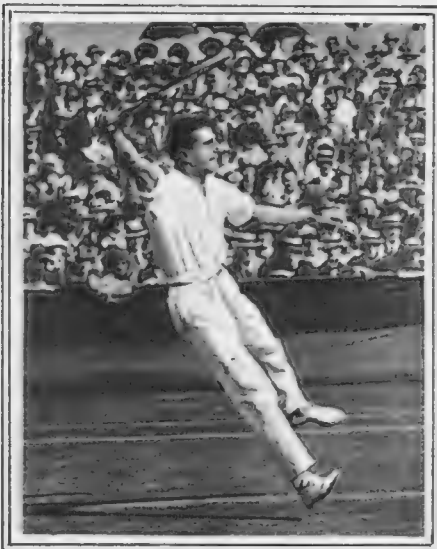
Alonso Gives "Sketch" Readers a Lawn-Tennis Lesson.



PICKING UP A HOT RETURN ON THE FOREHAND.



A GOOD ILLUSTRATION OF THE VIRILITY OF ALONSO'S PLAY.



A SMASH AT THE NET.



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF A GROUND SHOT.



THE FINISH OF A FOREHAND DRIVE.



A BACKHAND RETURN AT THE NET.



A HALF-VOLLEY ON THE BACKHAND.

Mr. Manuel Alonso, the Spanish player who reached the finals in the All-Comers' Singles at Wimbledon last year, and who has won Spain's International Championship three years in succession, is a player whose style is well worth close study. Everyone is now anxious to improve his lawn-tennis, and a number of hints may be picked up

from the examination of a champion's method of playing shots. This page of photographs illustrating a number of Alonso's strokes is therefore interesting from a practical, as well as a pictorial, point of view. Study the photographs closely and improve your game! You should be able to do so.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

(Continued.)

reason. As he declamated of the glories of the colleges of Cambridge there was perceptible in her father's voice a most curious crack or break. It became more noticeable and more frequent. He suddenly and most astoundingly cried out, 'Cambridge! Cambridge!' and threw his arms out before him on the table, and buried his head on them, and sobbed out, 'Cambridge! My youth! My youth! My God, my God, my youth!'

The Cambridge Manner.

That is the worst of these excitable universities. No Oxford man, I am sure, ever behaved like that at breakfast; and as for the younger universities, I cannot conceive of a gentleman at the breakfast table sobbing out "Birmingham! Birmingham!" and throwing his arms before him on the table. I don't say he wouldn't, but my imagination will not help me to picture it.

Still, the point is that all this sort of thing made Rosalie think very poorly of men. When she was old enough, she put her opinion of my luckless sex into words—

"It's men that are the cat tribe: tame cats, tabby cats, wild cats, Cheshire cats, tom-cats, and stray cats! Aren't they just? And look at them—tame cats are miserable creatures, tabby cats the sloppy creatures, wild cats ferocious creatures, Cheshire cats fool creatures, tom-cats disgusting creatures, stray cats—on the whole, the stray cats are the least objectionable . . ."

Very clever of Rosalie, but I should have pointed out to her—and been scratched for it—that men never called women cats. That term was invented by, and is perpetuated by, women.

Rosalie in Love. You may imagine that Rosalie remained a spinster all her life. Not a bit of it. She fell in love—not ordinarily, of course, but tremendously, overwhelmingly, and, generally, adverbially.

"The thing's too poignant for the words one has. This girl's extremity was very great, not to be set in words. Words cannot bring to earth that which, ethereal, defies our comprehension as life and death defy it, and, like life and death, to our comprehension only sublimely *IS*. Words can only say her spirit, bursting from bondage, streamed up to cleave to his; how tell the anguish, how the ecstasy? Words can only say her spirit, like a live part of her drawn out of her, seemed to be rushing upwards from her body to her lips: words cannot tell the anguish that was bliss, the rapture that was pain. Only can say that she was in his arms . . ."

Good. That was all we wanted to know. She was in his arms. And not a word did she breathe about cats.

What she did do was to marry the gentleman, which brings us, at last, to the moral of the story. Rosalie was determined to preserve her freedom although married. No domesticity for her. The business life for Rosalie. She was a good business woman and doing well.

Rosalie's Mistake.

The strange thing was that Rosalie, the business woman who must be free, had a family of three children. This enlightened lady, this very advanced woman of the world, with no domesticity in her composition, must needs have a family!

Rough on the family? Rough on the husband? Oh, yes; but rough on Rosalie in the end. Here, again, Mr. Hutchinson

allows of no doubt. If Rosalie's scheme is to fail, it must fail utterly and horribly. There must be no doubt in the mind of the reader that it has failed. So two of the family meet with sudden and ghastly deaths, and the eldest boy goes to gaol. And all because Rosalie would turn up at the office!



THE WIFE OF "SIMPLE SIMON": MRS. R. S. HOOPER; AND HER LITTLE GIRL.

Mrs. R. S. Hooper is the wife of Mr. R. S. Hooper, who writes so charmingly in "Eve," as "Simple Simon." His essays have recently been published in book form under the title of "And the Next," and are meeting with a great success.—[Photograph by Hay Wrightson.]



WITH MISS BETTY AND MISS MARY LUTYENS: LADY EMILY LUTYENS, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS ARCHITECT.

Lady Emily Lutyens is the wife of the famous artist and architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., and the daughter of the first Earl of Lytton. She has one son and four daughters, of whom the eldest is the wife of Captain Euan Wallace. Lady Emily is shown in our photograph with her two younger girls. Miss Betty was born in 1906, and Miss Mary is two years younger. Sir Edwin Lutyens is getting on well with the wonderful doll's-house which he and a number of artist friends are working at as a gift to her Majesty. It is hoped that it may be finished next year.—[Photograph by Hay Wrightson.]

I leave it at that. The public must decide if all this is so true to life that it takes its honoured place in the Temple of Art.

But I cannot close without a tiny peep at Rosalie's perfect husband—

" . . . Harry never even swore. The impossible test in the matter of self-command is when a man hits his thumb with a hammer. What does a Bishop say when he does that?

But she saw Harry catch his thumb a proper crack hanging a picture in the house they took, and 'Mice and Mumps!' cried Harry."

"An Order to View."

Despite the fact that Mr. Charles Marriott, all unwittingly, has lifted the title of one of my short plays, I am going to say nice things about his book.

I do like an author who can make a story out of nothing. This book is a triumphant example of manner keeping matter in its place. I can tell you the story in three lines.

A very correct engaged couple fall in love with other people. Neither realises that the other wishes to break the engagement. How is it to be correctly and blamelessly accomplished?

That is all, but Mr. Marriott found that "plot" quite sufficient for his purpose. He plays delightfully with the young architect, and the daughter of the rich business man, and the business man himself, and the dream girl in the lovely old house, and the musical genius who fell in love with the daughter of the business man, and the old mother who was never quite up with the game, and the flapper sister who was always a little beyond it.

Nothing startling. Nothing "strong" here. Nothing to absorb you unless you have a taste for gentle irony, and play and interplay of character, and a keen appreciation for the nice handling of words.

This sort of thing, I mean. He is describing the drawing-room in the new house of the successful provincial man of business—

"The long room, lit by concealed electric bulbs above the cornice, and a little aware of its own proportions, was furnished rather sparingly but expensively with exclusively modern pieces in precious woods, with a notable absence of upholstery. A few bright cushions were placed with evident intention, as were the flowers; and the pictures, including two little panels of single figures in landscape by Mr. Augustus John, bespoke a discriminating selection from the New English Art Club. In these considered surroundings, Lady Pumphrey, in her black lace gown, looked rather like a nervous passenger sitting by her luggage."

You like that? Well, then, my dear lady or gentleman, why not read all the book?

"Shallowdale."

Mr. Michael Temple here puts forward a simple, unaffected, healthy, lightly amusing, jolly sort of book about a house in the country, the family who lived in it, the gardener, the cat, the dog, the neighbours, the villagers, and so forth.

Not an easy thing to do with success. I doubt if there is a very huge public for a book of this kind, but you never know. At any rate, they will continue to be written by people who love the country and love writing about it, and to be read by those who think they would love the country if only they could arrange to live in it.

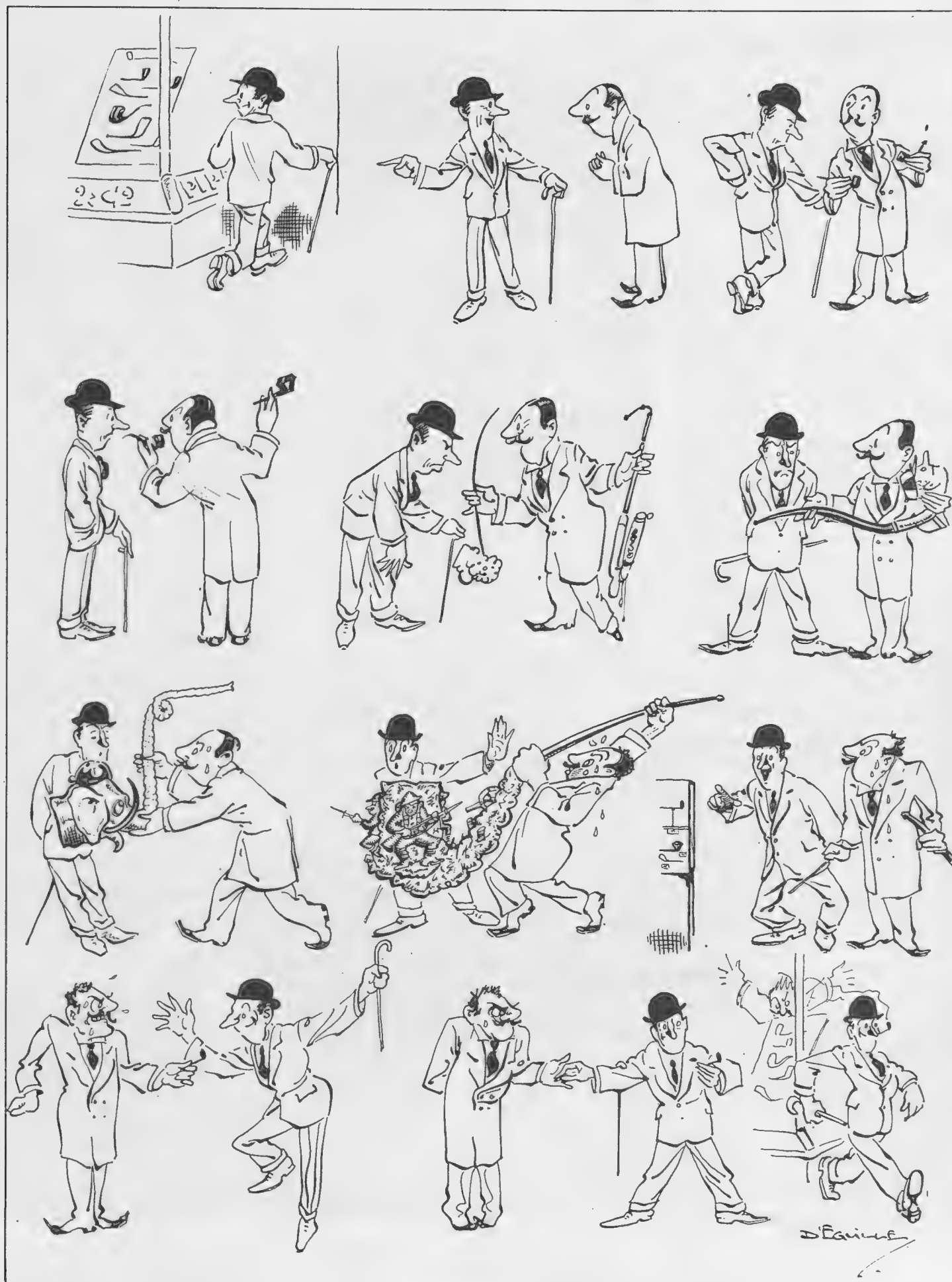
Mr. Temple can be quite cheerful even on the subject of weeds. He is, obviously, the very fellow for country life.

This Freedom. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

An Order to View. By Charles Marriott. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

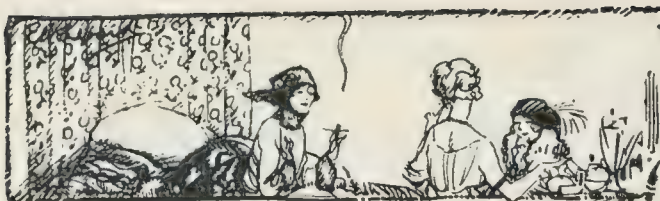
Shallowdale. By Michael Temple. (Herbert Jenkins; 7s. 6d. net.)

What Every Smoker Knows!



BUYING A PIPE!

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.



Tales with a sting.

DOUBLE RUFF.

By G. B. STERN.

IF Chloe were out, there was always still a chance that Chloe's husband was in.

So she asked at the door of the flat for Chloe. "Oh, is she out? Then I'll come in and wait for her, if I may."

And she sat down in the sitting-room to wait for Chloe's husband.

"She," was Gay Greville, revue artist and mimic, starring in "Once Bitten!" at the Corner Theatre. She was also Mrs. Harry Greville . . . but this was of much less importance.

Chloe Blake she would have introduced as: "Quite a dear little thing; my friend of prehistoric—or, shall we call them prehistoric days?" The epigram was originally not her own, and she was not quite sure that it meant anything. Gay had charm, but few brains.

While she was waiting, the 'phone bell rang—and rang again and again with maddening persistence. It is humanly impossible to sit in the same room with a 'phone bell and not lift the receiver, even if it be not your own.

"Hello!" said Gay, into Chloe's mouth-piece.

A pleading little booklet issued by the telephone company begs you not to say "Hello!" when answering the 'phone. They might as well beg the waters of Niagara to gush upwards instead of down.

"Hello!" said Gay.

"Chloe—*darling!*" answered a voice—the voice of Gay's rich, negligible and neglected young husband, from the other end.

Gay was thunderstruck. But she had the presence of mind to reproduce Chloe's voice in her reply—

"Is that you, Harry?"

"Of course it is. I say"—pregnant pause—"is it all right?"

"Quite all right," Gay answered him, with the intense conviction of the ignorant.

"You fixed it all up? You've got them? You wonderfully competent little thing. But, sweetheart, you're not angry with me, are you?"

"No. Why?"

"Because you called me 'Harry.' I like your own name for me so much better. Say it—just once—quick!"

"Cheek of Chloe, to have an own name for my husband!" reflected Gay wrathfully. And racked her brains in vain for what the variation on "Harry" might possibly be.

"Say it!" burst in anguish from the other end.

"Of course I'm not angry, Curly Boy . . ." softly. She tried both "Curly" and "Boy" at a venture. Harry was young for his age, and his brown hair was distinctly exuberant.

Splutters of fury and protest from Harry showed her that she was out of luck, and both her guesses were wrong. He detested "Boy," and "Curly" was slosh. The blend of the two nauseated him. And he wanted Chloe to call him "Wumps," and nothing else.

Gay's lip curled scornfully. Then she hastily flung down the receiver, with Harry, so to speak, still in it, as the door opened, and Chloe's husband strode eagerly into the room.

"Gay—*darling!*" he cried.

Wolseley Blake was a City man, quiet, steady, and unambitious. His daily and domestic life was a tale told in sound, dull prose, without paragraph or exclamation mark. So that to call a revue actress who did not belong to him "darling" was the very wine and scarlet of romance.

Harry Greville, on the other hand, found an equal fascination in the cosy, neat little personality of Chloe Blake, her pink cheeks and bright, wide smile, and wholesome habit of early rising; in the very way she sometimes made tea for him, with an ordinary humdrum kettle on an ordinary humdrum fire. He was sick of luxury and glitter and motley. He needed Chloe. . . . And when no response was forthcoming to his frantic shouting and prayers down the telephone, he sprang into a taxi and drove to her flat in West Kensington.

Gay tossed out impetuous hands towards Wolseley Blake, as though she held gifts for bestowal—a pretty gesture that always went very well at the Corner Theatre. "Lion"—Lion was her own special name for Chloe's husband—"you've often asked me to come away with you. Well—I'll come. That's all. Take me soon—now!"

"Certainly," Wolseley Blake replied, in tones of blank consternation. He could not remember ever asking this radiant goddess to come away with him. He had never asked the White City at Shepherd's Bush to come away with him, in the days when it had first dazzled him with its myriad diamond stabs of light; although he liked to be near it. Gay was his White City.

He was a very good-looking man, of the square, purposeful type: nose square, chin square, eyes deep-set under square brows, shoulders squarest of all. Gay found him most provocatively different from her inevitable gang of easy, susceptible young admirers.

"You don't seem enraptured at my. . . . surrender," she chid him, with a little rueful smile. The tears welled up in her eyes like sudden dew on soft pansy petals. "Lion," she whispered, "I'm—alone—now. Harry is in love with. . . . with another woman."

"The cur!"—Blake knitted his brows, clenched his fists, set his jaw, and performed other evolutions peculiar to the strong and the silent. "The babbling, empty young fool! How dare he not appreciate you! You—you! Ah, my poor forlorn Princess o' Dreams"—"Princess o' Dreams" was his own special name for Harry's wife. He was still consoling her, ten minutes later, when Harry, dashing past the astonished servant in his frenzy to be with Chloe, burst headlong into the room—to find, not Chloe, but Gay, in the arms of Wolseley Blake.

"You scoundrel!" he cried, in that spirit of Injured Husband which occupies residence in the psychical basement of every man. He sprang forward, but—

"Wumps!" cooed Gay, in airy mockery over Wolseley's shoulder . . . and the name, on her lips, brought Harry to a halt, sharper than a bullet.

"Did—did Chloe tell you?" he stammered, aghast.

"Leave Chloe's name out of this, please," Wolseley enjoined him sternly.

"D'you know, Lion, I'm afraid he can't.

You see," Gay kindly enlightened him, "Chloe happens to be the woman he loves."

"You scoundrel!" thundered Wolseley, in that spirit of Injured Husband which occupies residence in the psychical basement of every man.

He glared at Harry. Harry glared back. Their sense of property had received a shock.

"Of course I shall take my wife away at once," declared Harry Greville, hands in his pockets, dark eyes blazing, curly head flung defiantly back.

"I intend to take my wife away without any further delay." Wolseley's mouth was stubborn as steel; you could have cut yourself at the corners of his chin.

"Lion," Gay cried hysterically, "you promised to take *me* away!"

Wolseley murmured absently: "With reference to my promise of the 16th inst.—" He was listening to Chloe's voice in the hall.

Chloe's cheery voice, in domestic discussion with the maid, struck a bitterly ironic note of contrast with the dramatic conflict of emotions in the sitting-room. All unconscious, she trotted in, wearing a last year's hat, and carrying several parcels.

"Why, what a jolly surprise!" she cried, on sight of the Grevilles. "You darling people, it's sweet of you to come and see us; but don't, don't tell me my husband has asked you to dinner? We've nothing but—No, wait a minute, though; I believe I *can* manage it!" She dimpled, and her blue eyes were lively with hospitable satisfaction. "I'll speak to Maud"—but her husband's tense voice arrested her at the door:

"Chloe, you don't understand. This is a crisis. You're *found out*."

Chloe did not collapse on to the carpet and moan.

"Over Wumps, d'you mean?"—calmly she studied their several expressions. "You don't look happy, any of you. I believe—I really do believe you dear old-fashioned things have been upsetting yourselves!"

"It's fairly natural," said Harry sarcastically—he resented being called a dear old-fashioned thing—"that I should have been slightly upset on finding my wife in your husband's arms."

"Oh—didn't you know about *that*?"—carelessly from Chloe. She was fumbling in her handbag for something.

"Did you?"

"M. Ages ago. Let me see—where did I put—"

"My wife," Harry stiffly informed the unabashed Chloe, "is, in consequence, coming away with me at once."

"I can hardly be spared from 'Once Bitten!' Harry dear," Gay meekly informed her now masterful spouse.

Wolseley Blake said haughtily: "There's no need for you to be inconvenienced, Greville. I intend to take my wife away at once."

Chloe had found what she was looking for in her handbag: "I hate waste," she sighed. "If you're really going to take me away, Wolseley, and if you don't mind waiting till to-morrow, and if Harry has really decided not to take me, perhaps we can use up these." And she held out two little booklets containing Thos. Cook's first-class tickets to Cannes.

THE END.

Columbine Before the Camera.



IN "THE GREEN TEMPTATION": MISS BETTY COMPSON, THE PARAMOUNT FILM STAR.

Miss Betty Compson is the charming Paramount film star who made her first big hit in "The Miracle Man," and subsequently played Lady Babb'e in the screen version of Barrie's "Little Minister." Our photograph shows her as the dainty Columbine in "The Green Temptation,"

another Paramount picture in which she is featured. The dewy freshness and air of unsophisticated youth which Miss Compson brings to her work is one of her chief charms. She is one of the best known and most popular picture stars.

Peter Pan's Ann: In the Tree Trunk at Tree Tops.



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF ONE-TIME MISS PAULINE CHASE: MISS ANN DRUMMOND.

Miss Pauline Chase will always be associated with Peter Pan, the hero of Barrie's famous fairy tale, a part which she played so ideally, so it is only natural that now she has retired from the stage, she should have named her home "Tree Tops," this being, of course, the name of the residence of the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up. Miss Pauline Chase is

now Mrs. Alexander Victor Drummond, and has one little girl, whose name is Ann—that being the nearest to Peter Pan which one could get with a feminine name. One has only to look at Miss Ann to realise that she has inherited her mother's fairy grace and delicate charm. Peter Pan's Ann's a most fascinating young lady.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STAGE PHOTO CO., SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

The Love Scene Punctuated by Fisticuff Practice.



MLLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS GOES FOR THE PUNCH-BALL: A SOUVENIR OF "LE GRAND DUC."

London has not yet forgotten the recent and all-too-short Guitry season at the Prince's, and those who saw "Le Grand Duc" will delight in this souvenir of the amusing scene in which Sacha Guitry, as the lover disguised as a Professor of Physical Culture, teaches Mlle. Yvonne Printemps not only the rudiments of boxing, but the first principles of falling in love! M. Sacha Guitry always chooses

novel settings for his love scenes; but there is something specially piquant in the idea of punctuating the "soft nothings" of first attraction with energetic fisticuff practice. Mlle. Yvonne Printemps "goes for" the punch-ball with real skill and vigour when she has been encouraged to start, by means of her instructor's suggestion that she must imagine it to be a member of her family!

PHOTOGRAPH BY STAGE PHOTO CO., SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

The Modern Girl—From an Artist's Sketch-Book.



II.—SURFING.

PAINTED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY BARRIBAL.

Selling a Pup.



THE DOG MAN: Pedigree dawgs, ladies—that's what these are: I've jest' refused five 'underd pounds fer their step-mother.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS TURNED INTO A



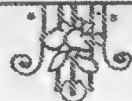
PROVIDED WITH
TWO BAND-STANDS
AND A PERFECT
FLOOR: THE BALL-
ROOM PUT UP FOR
ONE NIGHT IN THE
ROYAL BOTANIC
GARDENS.



ONE OF THE
COVERED WAYS IN
THE BEAUTIFULLY
DECORATED
GARDENS:
A HYDRANGEA-
BORDERED PATH-
WAY.



WHERE 6500 GUESTS
WERE REFRESHED:
THE 150-YARDS-LONG
BUFFET.



The Royal Botanic Gardens have been the scene of many festivities, but never have they been transformed into so wonderful a pleasure ground as they were on the occasion of the fiftieth birthday of the Eastern Telegraph Company, when a dinner and garden fête were held there. The entire arrangements were in the hands of those world-famous caterers, Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., who erected temporary buildings for the accommodation and amusement of some 6500 guests. This was no small task, as may be imagined; but the way in which it was carried out was wonderful. Our pages illustrate the dining-room, where 800 guests sat down; the ball-room, with its perfect dancing floor and two band-stands, where Mlle. Karsavina gave an exhibition, and where the general company subsequently danced; and the

FAIRYLAND: A GREAT FEAT BY J. LYONS AND CO.



LAI D FOR 800
GUESTS: THE
TEMPORARY
DINING-ROOM PUT UP
BY MESSRS. LYONS
FOR THE EASTERN
TELEGRAPH CO'S
FÊTE.



WHERE MISS
MARGARET
HOLLOWAY AND HER
LADIES' ORCHESTRA
PERFORMED:
THE AL FRESCO
THEATRE.



150-yards-long buffet; as well as the Al Fresco Theatre. The floral decorations were specially beautiful, and are well illustrated by our photograph of the covered pathway, with its hydrangea-adorned poles and groups of fairy lights. Among the items which were provided for the entertainment of the guests were a concert to which Mlle. Donalds, Mme. Suggia, and Mr. John Coates contributed; a performance at the Cinema Theatre; orchestral music at the open-air theatre; Margaret Morris dancers on the lawn; an exhibition of lawn-tennis under artificial light; and fencing by the pupils of Bertrand's Academy. It was a wonderful evening's festivity, which went without a single hitch; and much of the unquestionable success must be attributed to Messrs. Lyons.

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



THERE IS NOTHING OF FINER QUALITY NOR OF SUCH GOOD VALUE

as

“BLACK & WHITE”

OBTAINABLE.

The Largest Stocks of fine old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies are held by Messrs. James Buchanan and Co. Ltd. and Associate Companies. This enables them to maintain a Blend of the highest standard of quality both at Home and Abroad.



The Prince's Golf Drive—and After.

By R. Endersby Howard.

As in 1754. So far as I know, there is no ceremony of the playing fields so rich in old-world traditions and solemn customs as that in which the Prince of Wales will be the central figure when, next month, he enters office as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, at St. Andrews. It has been performed in the same manner since 1754, when the club was founded. There has been only one break in its observance. In homage to the practices of the ancients, it was carried out regularly during the Crimean War, and also during the Boer War, but it was suspended for the five years of the Great War. Now St. Andrews is herself again, and the greatest celebration of all will be the 165th of the series, which will take place on Wednesday, Sept. 27, when the Prince of Wales will drive the first ball on the autumn medal day.

Chosen in Secret.

By no means, however, is this the extent of the incoming Captain's duties. So few golfers have had the opportunity of being present on an occasion which has the elements of a religious rite, that a description of it surely cannot fail to be interesting. The preliminary steps to it are wrapped in an air of mystery. It is the privilege of all the past Captains who are still alive to nominate the next Captain. They are supposed to carry out these negotiations in secret. How they arrive at a decision, and how long they take to do it, nobody knows. The main point is that they do it, and, their choice having been proclaimed at the spring meeting, the next thing is for him to play himself into office.

The Indispensable Cannon.

This is an ordeal the prospect of which has been known to make many a brave heart quail. First, the big, heavy cannon, which is the property of the Royal and Ancient Club, is prepared for action about thirty yards from the first teeing ground. Its history is a mystery—nobody knows whence it came—but its service on the autumn medal day is commanded by generations that have long departed. At the appointed hour—it may be as early as 9 a.m., or even 8.30 a.m., according to the entry—the Captain-elect steps on to the teeing ground, where a ball is teed. Thousands of eyes are fixed upon him, for all St. Andrews is present, and there are players from every part of Britain and a good many places beyond.

Never a Miss. He takes up his stance, praying as devoutly as ever he prayed in his life that he may be permitted

to hit a good shot. There is no need to dwell upon the mental sufferings of the indifferent golfer—for excellent captains have a way of being very moderate players—who recollects how often he hits a bad shot. He swings. Simultaneously the cannon is fired to denote that the medal day has begun. To the credit of R. and A. captains be it said none has ever been known to miss the ball entirely on the occasion of this terrible test. There have been some sorry fozzles, but there also have been some very fine drives. One of these latter was Lord Haig's when he entered office two years ago. The caddies, who have taken up positions down the course in accordance with their respective estimates of the Captain's prowess, dash for the ball, and the one who secures it returns it to the Captain, and receives from him a reward of a sovereign.

When Edward VII. was Captain.

This is the better known part of the ceremony. So far as I can learn, only once has the Captain-elect appointed a deputy to drive for him.

ineffective shots in the presence of a crowd. However, I daresay that a true golfing gallery will be considerate enough to allow him to enjoy his round in peace. The Captain's one prerogative is that he can go out when he pleases. For all the other starting times there is a ballot. In the evening he has important duties to perform at the annual dinner—duties in which he is first tutored by the popular secretary of the R. and A., Mr. Henry Gullen. At the start, the new Captain sits on the right of the retiring Captain, but when the minutes of the day's proceedings have been read the old-world formalities begin. The retiring Captain divests himself of the Queen Adelaide medal, and invests his successor with it. This medal was given in 1838 by Queen Adelaide, with the express wish that it should be worn by the Captain on all ceremonial occasions during his term of office. It is a large, heavy trophy of gold, with a glass face, and is suspended round the neck by means of a blue ribbon, now worn and faded, but irreplaceable.

The Kiss of Allegiance.

The new Captain then takes the chair. Later in the dinner comes the ceremony, which every member who has not previously attended the autumn medal day dinner has to perform, of swearing allegiance to the club and the game. In this the Prince of Wales will duly help. What happens is that every year the ball driven by the Captain and retrieved by a caddie is moulded—in gold when the Captain is of the blood royal, and in silver in the case of anybody of less rank. The



RUNNERS-UP TO THE TANTALLON TEAM IN THE EAST LOTHIAN COUNTY CUP: THE GULLANE TEAM.

The Gullane team consisted of Mr. J. A. Robertson Durham, Captain E. D. Milligan, Mr. A. W. Robertson Durham, and Mr. H. D. Lawrie. They are shown from left to right in our photograph. Photograph by Balmain, North Berwick.

That was when King Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales) accepted office in 1863. Not being a golfer at that time (he took up the game in later years), he decided that it would be best for somebody else to do the playing. The present Prince of Wales has been a golfer since his days at Oxford University, and when he agreed to become Captain of the R. and A. he said that, having decided to do the thing, he might as well do it according to rules. That was why he postponed his captaincy from last year, for his world tour would then have prevented him from playing himself into office.

Queen Adelaide's Medal.

It is the custom for the Captain to compete later in the day for the medal presented by King William IV., and it is hoped that the Prince of Wales will do so, although, having had little time to devote to practice, he has the golfer's human fear of making



WATCHING THE PLAY IN THE EAST LOTHIAN COUNTY CUP AT NORTH BERWICK: MRS. HUNT, MRS. HOPE VERE, LADY BAIRD, MRS. P. H. COATS, MRS. STANLEY COATS, AND MISS ROSEMARY HOPE-VERE.

The East Lothian County Cup was played for at North Berwick. The trophy was presented by the late Earl of Wemyss in 1868, to be played for by foursome competition amongst teams of four from the East Lothian clubs. This year Tantallon beat the Gullane team.—[Photograph by Balmain, North Berwick.]

ball is then added to the collection attached to two massive silver clubs. With the contribution by the Prince of Wales, there will be this year three gold balls (tokens of King Edward VII., Prince Leopold, and the new Captain) and 162 silver balls. To take the oath of allegiance, each debutant at the dinner must kiss the collection, which will be held by the Prince. The Captain becomes the temporary possessor of the silver clubs and the Queen Adelaide medal, because, by rule, he wins them directly he drives the first ball.

Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

By Car to Cider-land.

To that ancient and royal city of Worcester is a pleasant day's run in a car nowadays, especially if you take the route to Oxford *via* Maidenhead and Henley. The roads are good, there is little tar being laid, and the scenery is sylvan England at its best. After lunch at Oxford, the better way is by Woodstock and Evesham, avoiding Pershore,

five furlongs in length. Hops grow on the hills here, as well as apple-trees, so country brews were carried up in jars by the men, while their women-folk laboured up the hill-side with the other comestibles, the bell announcing that a car was starting to rush up the hill clearing the roadway as old and young fled to the banks, scrambling to reach a spot of vantage and safety. For hill climbs

produce exciting moments, and this occasion was no exception to the rule. Also there are two bends, close to one another, nearing the summit, both of which are apt to cause fast cars to gyrate in a manner acrobatic. Sometimes they charge the banks first one side and then another; sometimes merely cut green bouquets from the sward to distribute along the road as tokens of their efforts to please.

Successful Prize-Winners.

Last year Mr. C. A. Bird, driving a six-cylinder Sunbeam, created a new record for this hill at a speed

of thirty-nine miles an hour. This year he tried to better it. Alas! he was slower; but now I know why folks paid their five shillings. For, coming to the first bend, he skidded nearly broadside across the road, slewed the car round to straighten her to her goal, cut turf out of the banks, but, amid cheers and roars of the exhaust, sped up the rest of the incline like Fury let loose. A wonderful and spectacular piece of driving. But the light cars were not going to let the big ones get all the applause, so their star turn, Mr. Frazer Nash on his G.N., gave even a better display of motor gymnastics. That is, from the spectators' point of view, though I feared that laughter might end in tears. For his car skidded even more violently than the Sunbeam, first hit one bank and then the other, buckled one back wheel, tore the tyre from another front one; but, nothing daunted, Mr. Nash put his foot down, and, wheels wobbling eccentrically, rushed over the finishing line. As he walked down the course after his run everybody cheered him as the hero of the day. Lucky man to be able to walk down after such a turn! Many have been

carried to the hospital for less. But all these gyrations took time, so that when the Tourist Trophy Vauxhall, driven beautifully by Park, won the silver cup for the fastest time of the day with hardly a waggle of the tail of the car, its acceleration after taking the corner being wonderful, so little of the spectacular was there in its splendid performance that until the time was known few realised what had happened. So its driver received no cheers from the crowd, and the real hero of the day obtained no popular crown of glory as he deserved. Such is fickle fortune and public favour.

Light Cars and Lady Drivers.

Vauxhall cars also won the closed and handicap members' classes with good runs made by Mr. Cook, the well-known Brooklands competitor; while the Austin, well loaded with passengers, won the handicap formula for the open event for the second year running—a convincing performance of its merit. The little 7-h.p. Austin also did excellently in the light-car class on formula, being third, and climbing the hill at a speed of nearly twenty-three miles an hour. The Aston Martin cars, driven by Kensington Moir and Lionel Martin respectively, won the fastest climb cup and the formula handicap cup for the light car event, with the Austro Daimler, driven by young C. J. Paul, second fastest time, and the Bugatti third. The Aston Martin's was the fourth fastest climb of the day, being beaten only by the two winning Vauxhalls and Bird's Sunbeam, a matter of less than four seconds separating the lot, which shows how fast these small cars are. But I must not forget the ladies, as there was a prize for them—another silver cup—won by Miss Doris Heath on a 14-h.p. Sunbeam both on time and on formula handicap—an



BLESSING THE MOTORS AT ST. CHRISTOPHE: THE CEREMONY IN PROGRESS.

The ceremony of blessing the motor-cars took place before a large crowd at St. Christophe. The procession of vehicles passed before the statue, each car receiving the benediction as it went by.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

but going through Broadway all the same. The distance from London is 112 miles, so there is plenty of time to stop where you will, and not hustle through the many spots that invite a halt. Too long a run spoils these trips, as the driver has always the end of the journey in view, often hurrying his passengers away from the picturesque, to spoil the pleasure of the traveller. It is the land of fruit and cider, while Worcester itself is a place that has many interesting features to be seen besides its cathedral. One can also study the habits of head waiters at such inns as the party are tempted to visit. And these are many, old and curious—I mean the inns, not the H.W.'s. The dapper head waiter at the Clarendon at Oxford can be compared with his confrère at the Star, Worcester, for instance, both giving examples of courteous attention—the new style at Oxford, and the old style at Worcester. The Lygon Arms at Broadway, also, and the Old Bear at Evesham give other variants. But there, I must not wander from the road too much, as it was the recent hill-climbing competitions at Shelsley Walsh that brought me again over this route a week or so ago.

Shelsley Walsh Hill-Climbers.

Classic hill-climbs always seem to appeal to the sporting motoring community, and none more so than that held annually by the Midland Automobile Club at Shelsley Walsh. This year, as last, a charge of five shillings was made for the male spectator, including garaging the car in a field, the ladies being admitted free, as well as children. Some eight thousand spectators, of whom about five thousand paid for admission to this private hill road to the Court House (some fourteen miles from Worcester) assembled here, and the sun shone all day, while they picnicked to their hearts' content on the wooded banks lining this 350 feet climb of

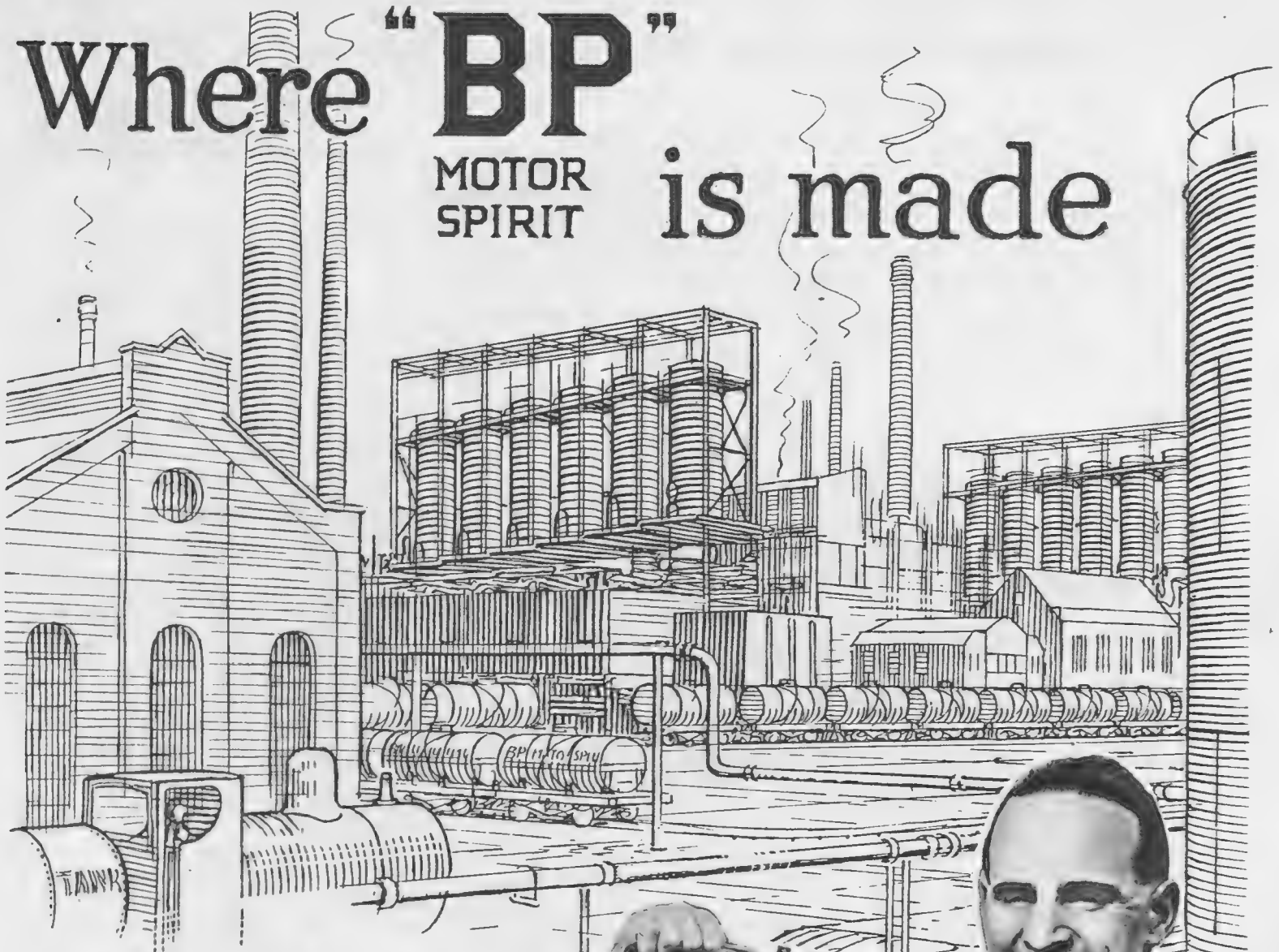


WITH THEIR NEW NAPIER CABRIOLET: SIR OTTO AND LADY BEIT AT TREWIN WATER.

Sir Otto Beit, K.C.M.G., the South African magnate, is an enthusiastic motorist. He is a great admirer of the new six-cylinder Napier, its outstanding point of horse-power relative to chassis weight greatly appealing to him. After using a landaulette for some time, he ordered a cabriolet, and our photograph shows him with Lady Beit with the new car at Trewin Water, his Hertfordshire seat.

undisputed victory. Her passengers were all of her own sex. There were three other lady competitors—driving a 15.9-h.p. Arrol-Johnston, an A.C., and a 14.20-h.p. H.E. respectively—and very well did they drive.

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"THE DOVER ROAD," AT THE HAYMARKET.

"A. A. M." The trouble about Mr. A. A. Milne—and he will find it increasingly as the years go by—is his reputation. Beginning in the pages of *Punch* as a purveyor of amiable nothings, he managed to break away into the drama (and even the social columns of a daily newspaper). But then his reputation came in. It was said and printed of him by the people who deal in these things that he had a *Eight Fantastic Touch*. And then the trouble began. Because Sir James Barrie has one too. And it becomes increasingly difficult for a conscientious young author, who is determined not to disappoint his public, to bring it off without at the same time producing a working imitation of Barrie in a weak moment.

... and "J. B." is a pity for all concerned. Because Milne is Milne and Barrie is indubitably Barrie. And any confusion of identity between the two is sheer loss. So what is Mr. Milne to do about it? Well, if one may offer a word of advice, one would suggest change, air, and exercise in his own particular manner (which is a rare gift for Dolly Dialogising about nothing), and total abstention from plays about fantastic gentlemen who put the world right after dinner in country houses. Because it takes all Sir James Barrie's skill and the peculiar flavour of that reputation to sell to the public for ten-and-sixpence (tax not included) such original discoveries as that fathers are apt to be fond of their sons or that wives have been known to take kindly to their husbands.

"The Dover Road." Those drawbacks apart (and they are really matters which concern only Mr. Milne and need not disturb his audiences), one may take "The Dover Road" with confidence. Little had been known of it hitherto apart from the discovery (due to the industry of Mr. Charles Dickens) that there are milestones on it. But we are now made aware of still more alarming geographical features. Mr. Ainley, it would seem, is on it too. In a velvet dinner-jacket. With a rose in his button-hole. And a flavour of the æsthetic movement which is barely mitigated by his personal passion for getting into the oddest positions. Mr. Ainley is apparently determined that we shall never see him standing

four-square to all the winds that blow (and on the stage they generally do). He prefers, it would seem, to talk with a nervous elbow, jerking above his head or a pair of in-turned knees. A queer weakness, and sometimes a shade distracting. But inexplicable people



WATCHING THE POINTER AND SETTER TRIALS: MR. F. WIGNALL AND LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR.

The International Gun Dog League Pointer and Setter Trials were held at Bodidris, near Wrexham. Lady Arthur Grosvenor, who was one of the spectators, is the wife of one of the uncles of the Duke of Westminster.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

should behave in an inexplicable way, and there is no reason why Mr. Latimer should not drop into poses which fall half-way between Anglo-Saxon attitudes and the

round-eyed astonishment of Mr. John Deverell. One is delighted to have any opportunity to see and hear Miss Seyler, who Acts. Her abundant clinical precautions over her husband's cold, and the devastating voice in which she reads page two of "Gibbon's Roman Empire" are delightfully memorable. But Mr. Milne seems to waste the varied accomplishments of the rest on the mildest resources of humour. A public sneeze or so, ruffled hair, lather on a gentleman's face—these are jokes which stand as the drawing-room equivalents of back-falls and red noses; and one is genuinely sorry that it did not prove possible to work out the fortunes of the travellers down the Dover Road without these rather simple-minded enhancements of their funniness. Because Mr. Milne could think of something better. He has done it for years. He might even write another real play for us. Like "The Truth about Blayds." And then we would forget all about "The Dover Road" and the thin trickle of mild humour and milder sentimentality with which that thoroughfare is watered, and thank the authorities for a young man who can write plays. Because we need them. Badly.



AT THE INTERNATIONAL GUN DOG LEAGUE POINTER AND SETTER TRIALS AT BODIDRIS: MISS G. BIBBY, WITH MRS. CAMPBELL MUIR AND MR. CAMPBELL MUIR.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

nervous gestures of that gentleman in "Buried Alive" whom Mr. Ainley has never quite forgotten and who still seems to influence him.

"Dominic." To tell the truth, his performance, amusing as it is, and the whole play, entertaining as it is, are held together by the (fortunately) frequent appearances of Mr. Allan Aynesworth. One hails his majestic sail on the skyline like the occupants of a starving raft. He is magnificent, substantial, something to lean on. And the view of the back parting borders on the epic. There is an inspired twitch of the coat with the finger and thumb of the right hand, as they say in the Manual, which makes him come quite to life—but not so completely as to lose any of his dignity. But one fears a little for the permanent value of a play which rests so largely upon the vivifying services of a comic butler—for that, if you will pardon the disrespect, is precisely what Mr. Aynesworth is.

Mild Resources of Humour. To him and Mr. Ainley

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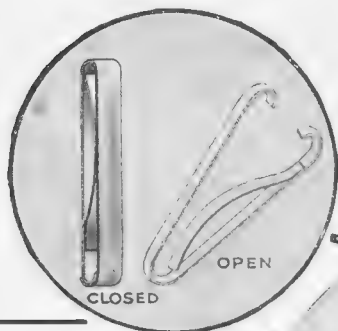
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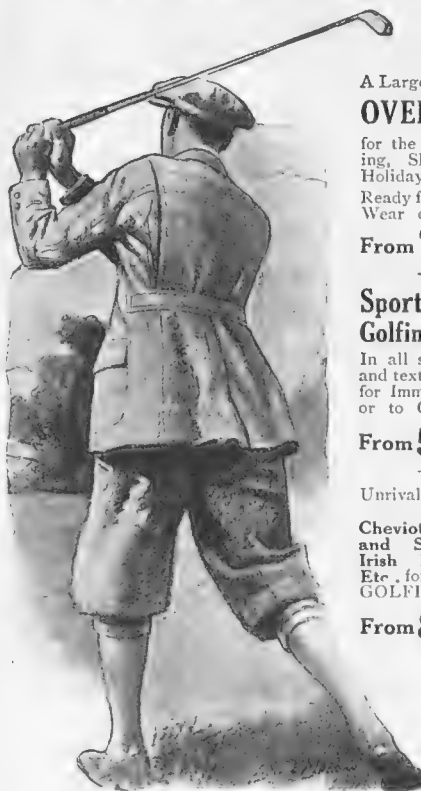
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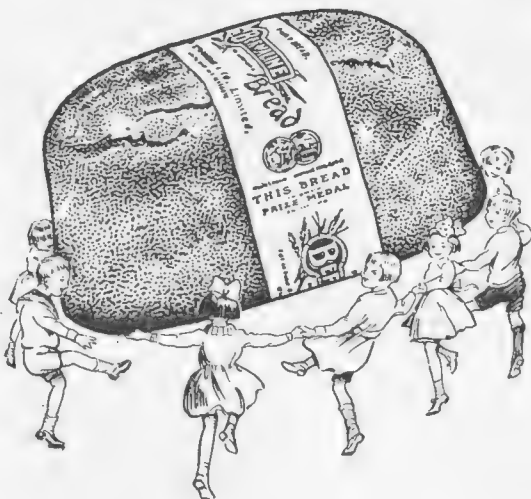


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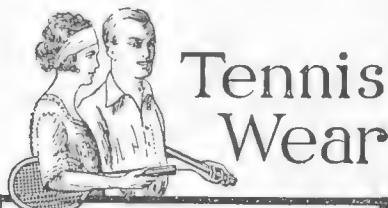
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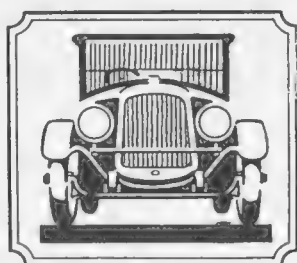
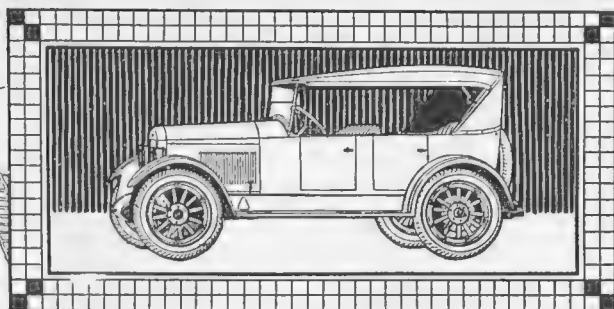
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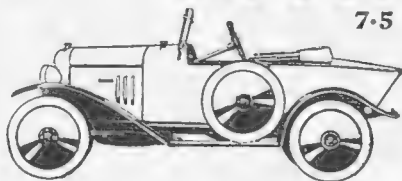
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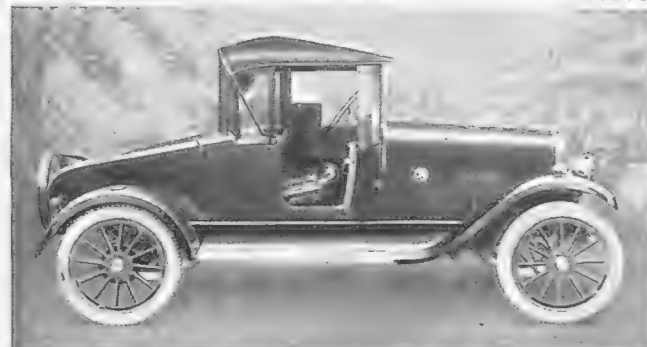
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Sketch
Harvey Nichols
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On the river or at a dance, for the picnic or a long walk in the country, this celebrated assortment is always in favour.

If you have never tried them, be sure to make a point of having FRY'S Prince of Wales Chocolates with you when you are in the mood for pleasure.

4'6 per 1-lb.

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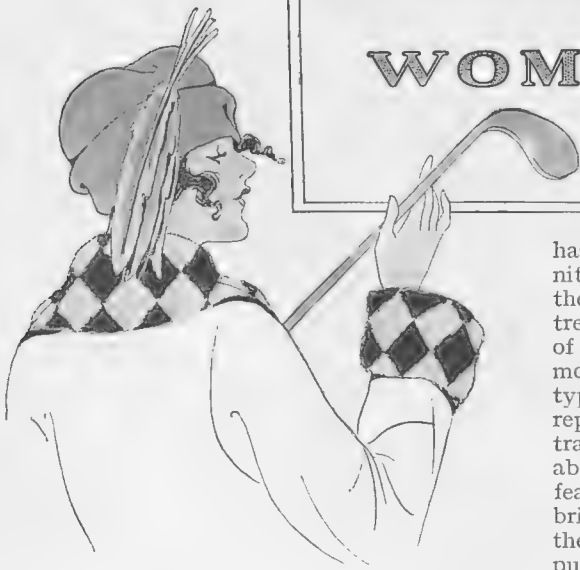
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FREE Get the children FRY'S new coloured picture book—showing more of these Elves and Gnomes—free from Fry & Sons, Ltd., 4-9, Union Street, Bristol.

HERBERT

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD.



Shaded quills of golden-yellow, orange, and brown add a note of distinction to this charming jade-green felt turban, designed by Woolland's, Knightsbridge.

The Charm of Beautiful Lingerie.

Lace has certainly come into its own again this year as far as lingerie is concerned. For some time the vogue for this delicate form of ornamentation was eclipsed by the fashion for embroidery only; now, although embroidery is still extensively used for all forms of underclothing, it is generally to be found in conjunction with lace. It is interesting to notice, as a fact significant of the changing modes of different generations, that the term "underlinen," always used by our grandmothers to designate the depressingly substantial underclothing worn in those days, is rarely heard now. The adoption of the French word "lingerie" is universal, suggesting as it does the more fragile and diaphanous creations in vogue to-day. The much-discussed statement that a woman dresses well quite as much for her own delectation as for that of others is surely proved by the undeniable fact that she will spend just as much time on the selection of beautiful garments which are never seen as she will over her dresses, hats, furs, or shoes. Soft washing satin, triple ninon, crêpe-de-Chine, surah, fine lawn, and nainsook are but a few of the wide range of lovely fabrics that can be utilised for the creation of delightful lingerie; and with all the resources of lace, embroidery, and fancy stitching at her disposal in the way of ornamentation, it is no wonder that many women find the charm of beautiful lingerie unsurpassed by that of any other garment.

A Note on Hats. As far as the size of hats is concerned, there seems to be no middle course this year. Fashion

has set her seal on hats that are either definitely large or else as small as possible—and the only compromise between these two extremes is seen in the soft sporting hat of velours, felt, or duvetyne, in which a moderately large brim occurs. Both types approved of by Fashion are admirably represented by the two charming hats illustrated on this page, in which the most noticeable feature is the novel downward trend of the feather decoration. Woolland's, of Knightsbridge, are responsible for their creation, and the material they have selected for the small pull-on turban is soft jade-green felt. Shaded quills are posed on the edge of the upturned brim, and these, in gradations of colour from golden yellow to deep brown, set off by their more sober tone the vivid hue of the hat. Red, orange, fawn, blue, and grey are the colours in which this attractive little hat may be obtained for the sum of 52s. 6d. Nigger-brown duvetyne, tarnished gold binding, and scarlet quills are the materials composing the wide-brimmed hat on the right. A band of tarnished gold surrounds the bell crown as well as the edge of the brim, and the quills are arranged to overhang the brim at the sides, the bend in the feather at the base of the crown being concealed by a fluffy mount of tiny scarlet feathers.

Frocks for Girls. The desire for originality and distinction in dress is an essentially feminine characteristic; no woman can be really content unless her dress



Another example of striking feather ornamentation is offered by this effective nigger-brown duvetyne hat from Woolland's.

is different from everyone else's; and now that the schools have broken up for the summer holidays Miss Schoolgirl, who has perforce conformed to the rules of a dull school uniform during term time, is longing for a change in the way of pretty summer frocks. An excellent selection of dresses, suitable for girls of all ages, will be found at Debenham and Freebody's, 17, Wigmore Street, from whence come the two charming frocks illustrated on this page. A frock to satisfy every girlish wish is the pale-mauve organdie dress worn by the elder girl. Prettily pleated and scalloped at the edges, it is mounted on an under-slip of the same material, which obviates the necessity for a long petticoat. Insertions of lace dyed to match the dress are let in at the waist, and the black moiré girdle is fastened to the dress by medallions of puckered ribbon in contrasting shades of black, grey, saxe-blue, yellow, and nigger-brown. Her little sister is wearing a frock of soft, old-rose Irish linen piped with white, and ornamented with two charming little patch pockets placed just above the low belt.

Youthful Evening Dresses How many of us, I wonder, can remember our very first evening dress, and the pleasure and pride the possession of it gave us? There is a thrill and excitement inseparable from the acquisition of the first evening dress, however plain and modest it may be, which can never be recalled by the purchase of more elaborate creations in maturer years. The juvenile evening dresses designed by Debenham and Freebody's are delightful on account of their youthful simplicity and freshness. Palest pink georgette is employed in conjunction with silver lace for the composition of one exquisite model. The cross-over bodice, unadorned save for an insertion of silver lace, is held at the waist by a broad band of georgette, on which is posed a spray of blue and pink velvet flowers. The skirt falls in panels over a hem of silver lace, and the price of the little frock is only 6½ guineas. Nothing could be more suitable for a girl of fourteen or fifteen than a tunic-shaped dress with a two-flounced skirt, carried out in mauve taffetas. Short georgette sleeves of the same shade emerge from the round arm-holes, and the pretty cable belt is composed of twisted strands of mauve and blue taffetas. This frock is 5½ guineas and there are many pretty dresses ranging from 4½ to 8½ guineas.

[Continued overleaf.]



Pale-mauve organdie composes the pretty dress on the left; while the younger girl on the right is wearing a charming little frock of old-rose Irish linen, piped with white.

SKETCHED AT DEBENHAM & FREEBODY'S.



Ask

for the test

We send to every home that asks a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent.

Send the coupon for your family's sake, then watch the delightful effects.

Beauty Without Grit

Without any harm to the teeth

Don't try to whiten teeth with grit that scratches the enamel. That's harmful. Use a soft polishing agent—the Pepsodent agent. Then combat the dingy film twice daily in this new, effective way.

That's what millions of people the world over are doing, largely by dental advice. Look about you and see the beautiful teeth that result.

Clouded by film

Teeth are clouded by a film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays there. Stains enter it, then the film, if left, forms the basis of dingy coats. That's why teeth lose lustre. Film is also the basis of tartar.

Most tooth troubles have a potential origin in film. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth, and the acid may cause decay.

Stays on teeth

Under old methods, much of that film remained on teeth. It made teeth cloudy. Night and day it was unceasing in effect. Many brushed teeth discolour and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists almost the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on five modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

Old ways wrong

Pepsodent also aids Nature in two essential ways. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth before they ferment and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids as they form.

Every use of Pepsodent thus gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents. Old-time tooth pastes had the opposite effect. They reduced mouth alkalinity, reduced the starch digestant with every application. That was due to their soap and chalk.

We urge you to see and feel these effects, then judge how much they mean.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how



teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch these delightful effects for a few days and you will always want them. Cut out the coupon now.

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903

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Only one tube to a family.

SKETCH 9/8/22

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

New Sporting Materials.

In order to obtain the inspiration for a novel idea in sporting tweeds, H. J. Nicoll's, 114, Regent Street, have evidently gone to Nature and carefully studied her wonderful system of protective colourings. They have designed a selection of new and remarkable materials for the composition of

of snugly fitting pull-on hats suitable for motoring, golfing, or, indeed, any kind of outdoor wear. The distinctive feature of the pretty nigger-brown velours sketched at the top of the page is the fact that the brim is wired inside, and, though it can easily be bent if desired, it will, in consequence, keep its shape better than the more flexible type of velours. The price is 55s., and it may be obtained in a variety of becoming shades. Deep-violet duvetyn is chosen for the hat sketched immediately below. The encircling band, which is apparently distinct from the hat, is in reality part of the fabric itself, and the effect is obtained by a cessation of the stitching which decorates the crown and brim. The duvetyn bow at the side holds in place a small mount of partridge feathers, and the price of the hat is 39s. 6d.

A Change that every woman who

appreciates the alliance of moderate price with excellent cut should make a note of the fact that Bryce's, formerly of 17, Hanover Street, are now established in new and delightful premises at 30, Brook Street. In their salons may be seen charming coat-frocks, costumes, afternoon gowns, and evening dresses, many of them copies of new Paris models, carried out in beautiful materials at prices which can only be described as astonishing in their modesty. A fascinating little afternoon frock of sand-coloured crêpe marocain is completed by flowing sleeves of georgette, slit open to the shoulder and lightly caught together at the wrists. Flowers of crêpe marocain are posed on each side of the low waist-line, where the fullness of the material is gathered into tiny horizontal tucks, while two more clusters ornament the back and front of the hem. The chief charm of this little frock is undoubtedly its perfect simplicity, and it is actually priced as low as 5½ guineas. An old-world charm clings to another attractive frock of navy-blue taffetas embroidered with minute sprays of blue flowers. Below the low waist-line the skirt spreads out into pannier hips, and soft, old-fashioned ruffles of taffetas decorate the round neck, short sleeves, and scalloped hem. This dress may be obtained for 6½ guineas; while 7½ guineas is the price of a novel coat-frock, cunningly designed to give the effect of a coat and skirt. Composed of black Zenana cloth (the pretty quilted satin which is becoming so fashionable), the short jacket or bodice is ornamented with a fringe of monkey fur round the collar, cuffs, and hem. The skirt to which it is attached is of black crêpe-de-Chine, and is finished with a chain girdle.

A Cure for Superfluous Hair.

It is remarkable in these enlightened days that so few people realise how close the connection is between a woman's appearance and her health and happiness. Nothing destroys self-confidence, that necessary factor to success, more than the consciousness of some facial disfigurement, such as a heavy growth of superfluous hair. It is only natural that such knowledge should affect not only the peace of mind, but also the

nerves, and consequently the health, of the unfortunate sufferer. A few years ago this affliction was regarded as incurable; now, thanks to the progress of science, superfluous hair can be safely and permanently removed. Miss Helen Lawrence, of 167A, High Street, Kensington, has given years to the study of this subject, and her infallible method of removing unwanted hair is absolutely guaranteed to effect a permanent cure without in any way injuring the most sensitive skin. Her system does not include the use of depilatories or electrolysis. The permanent removal of hair is, of necessity, a lengthy process, for it is not the hair itself, but the roots below the skin, that must be killed. This can only be done if the hair is carefully pulled out, so that the liquid Lavender hair-destroyer can act directly on the roots. In the hands of an expert the extraction of the hair is quite painless; and, once this has been done, the treatment can be continued at home. Miss Lawrence is always pleased to give her advice free of charge to those who care to consult her, and a particular advantage of her method of hair-removal is that from the moment the cure is adopted no sign of hair will be seen on the face, as each hair is pulled out as soon as it appears.



Two charming sporting hats, composed of nigger velours and violet duvetyn, for which Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly, are responsible.



Every requirement of the fair golfer has been met by this Portrush tweed costume from H. J. Nicoll's, 114, Regent Street.

shooting costumes which combine, in every case, the various colourings bestowed by Nature on the animal or bird marked out by the sports-woman as her intended prey. Thus there is the woodcock suiting, in a close tweed mixture of brown, black, and gold; the peewit, in brown, white, and grey; the partridge, in red, gold, brown, and black; and many others, including the wood-pigeon, red grouse, wild duck, pheasant, and golden plover—all heather mixtures in which are blended the appropriate shades. Another clever invention—designed this time for the comfort of the golfer—is embodied in the Portrush costume sketched on this page. Freedom of movement is assured by two expanding pleats at the back of the jacket. By this means the arms are allowed a full swing, and there is no need for the unbecoming bagginess at the shoulders which is the only other alternative. Carried out in brown Lovat suiting, this costume has the added advantage of being shower-proof. The companion Wantage costume, sketched below, is suitable for both shooting and general country wear. The folds at the back of the jacket are gathered into a belt of the same material, which is fastened at the back and left unattached in front. It is to be had in a variety of heather and game tweeds, and is finished with little round leather buttons.

Two Excellent Sporting Hats.

Comfort is certainly the first consideration in the composition of sporting hats, and Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly, have achieved a notable success in the production



The most fastidious sportswoman will be satisfied by this well-cut Wantage shooting costume, designed by H. J. Nicoll's.



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the same Lustre, Loveliness, Tone, Radiance and Symmetry as genuine Oriental Pearls. The same Sheen, Texture, Weight and lasting qualities, the same naturalness; so that when worn with real pearls it is impossible to distinguish one from the other. The only reproductions of the genuine deep-sea pearl possessing all these essential qualities are

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ficial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. *Ciro Pearl Necklets* may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

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[It is the Original and Guaranteed Pure—Full Strength—with the Lasting Fragrance.]



4711 Eau de Cologne

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE LIGHTS OF PARIS.

"Let It Be Said."

Paris really feels that it is the holiday season when, one after the other, the

night establishments on the sides of the Butte, as well as shops of every description in all parts of the capital, begin to pull down their shutters. Once more hand-written labels appear giving notice to the passer-by as to how long the holiday is to last. Some are very simply worded: "Closed from — to —," they say. Others are more elaborate. They inform their *clientèle* that "The Directrice has gone to the country. She will reopen her establishment in September. Let it be said."

Dead Theatreland.

Theatres have long ago led the way.

Since June M. Gémier has deprived theatre-goers of the Odéon—but it's only to plan wonders for the autumn. Others have followed in the path. When one turns to the papers to see what is being played one finds a long list of theatres *ayant clôturé* their season. As for those which have bravely deprived themselves of a holiday, they are not fitly rewarded. People don't want to go to the theatre out of season. It is true that, on the other hand,

they do not put on any show likely to attract crowds.

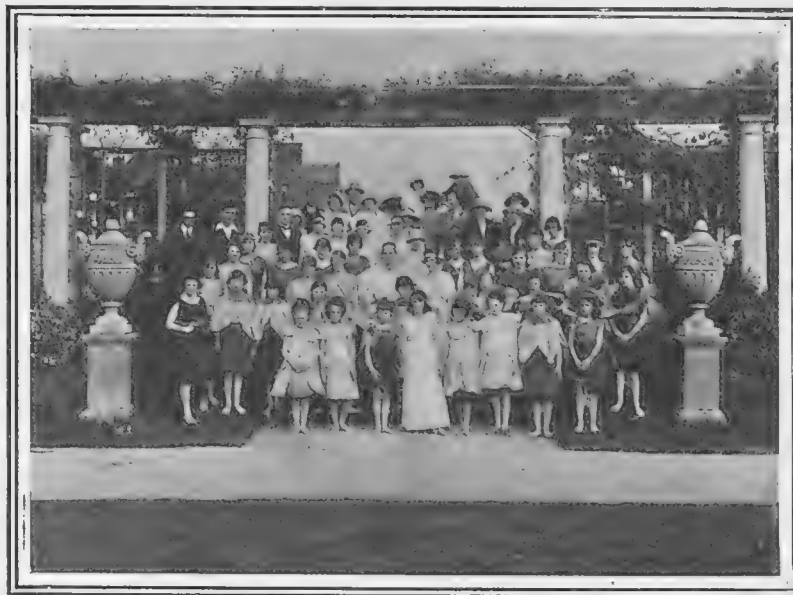
Pourville "Discovered." The week-end rushes depopulate Paris for the benefit of Deauville or Trouville

or Pourville. Pourville is a little place near Dieppe that I discovered two seasons ago, and it is on the way to becoming as famous as Deauville. Has not the *arbitre des élégances*, M. André de Fouquières, consecrated it "fashionable" in staying there himself? But it is above all the resort of British folk. There it is that you meet Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Zena Dare, Lady Diana Cooper—and others. Le Tréport is another favourite of English-speaking people. So much so that porters, news-vendors, and shopkeepers have almost discarded their native tongue for a sort of Frenchified English—or Anglicised French—which is not destitute of charm.

"Royal" Deauville.

But, of course, not all seaside resorts can pride themselves on having royal visitors. Deauville will be more crowded than ever, since the authorities are hoping for the visit of that smiling monarch King Alfonso of Spain, of the King of Roumania, of the King of the Belgians, and of the Emperor of Annam. Really, no self-respecting person could miss the opportunity of rubbing shoulders with royalty—above all as King Alfonso is expected to play polo. He has promised to bring a team with him to play against

[Continued overleaf.]



"PERSEPHONE" PERFORMED AT THORNTON MANOR: MEMBERS OF THE CAST AT THE HOME OF THE HON. WILLIAM AND MRS. HULME LEVER.

Thornton Manor, the home of the Hon. William and Mrs. Hulme Lever, was the scene of an attractive entertainment when "Persephone" was given as a Pastoral Play. The title-rôle and many other parts were taken by Port Sunlight factory girls; while other characters were in the hands of some of the office juniors. All the members of the cast attend the Staff Training College of Messrs. Lever Bros., and the production of the play was supervised by teachers from the institution.



Serjeant Buzfuz Addresses the jury in the case Bardell v. Pickwick.

Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz: "I have, gentlemen of the Jury, on my right, heartless cruelty embodied in the corpulent form of the defendant.

"I have, at my left, innocence and piety personified in Mrs. Bardell and her tender offspring.

"And in my hand, gentlemen, I hold a tin of a certain delectable confection well known to you all—SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE.

"There, my Lord and jury, is my case in a nutshell. The defendant Pickwick, not content with 'Chops and Tomata sauce,' pats the boy on the head, and after presenting him with a tin—a large size tin—gentlemen—of Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee, makes use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?'

"Well knowing the superb qualities of this dainty, well knowing its luscious sweetness and incomparable flavour, that viper in human semblance has gained easy access to a widow's heart by the simple yet effective method of presenting her son with this tinfal of enjoyment.

"The brutality of this action, gentlemen, is enhanced by its certainty of success!"

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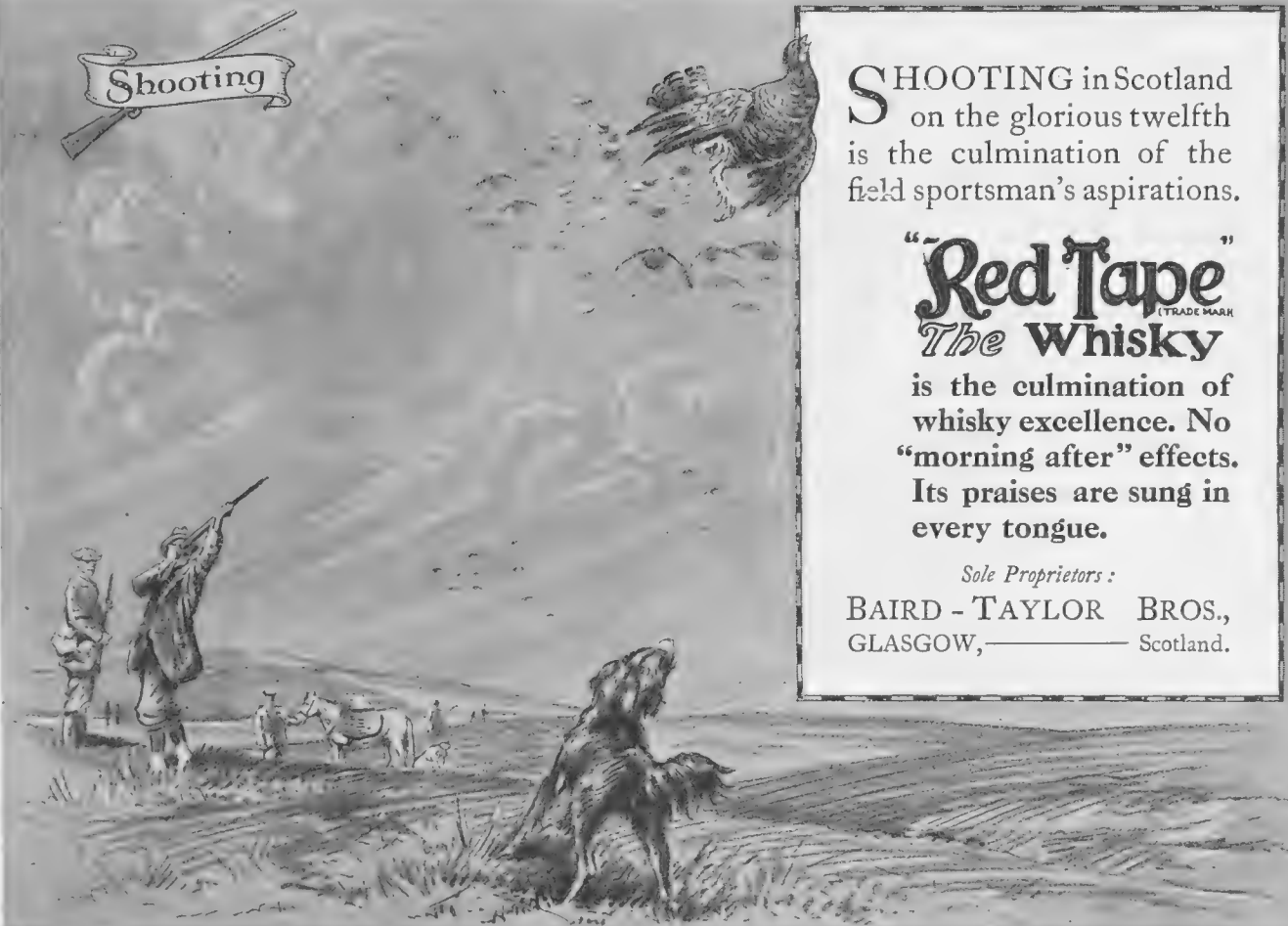
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Continued.]

Mr. Prince. The prospect of such a brilliant polo season causes much excitement.

Ida Rubinstein. So many people agree that the best way of spending a holiday is to go to resorts where you can display frocks and bathing costumes that we are grateful to Mme. Ida Rubinstein for having found an original idea. Mme. Ida Rubinstein is going to the heart of the jungle. Tired of being Artémis on the stage of the Opéra, killing with invisible arrows stags of cardboard, she has decided to shoot tigers and panthers and other far from docile animals of flesh and blood, in the company of eminent sportsmen.

Some Holiday! She starts from Marseilles with tons of luggage—as she wants to temper the hardships of the wilderness by all modern comforts. She will visit the mysterious India and brave the redoubtable Thibet. She will see Indo-China, Siam, Laos, and a yacht will carry her and her companions to the archipelago of the Marquesas Islands in Polynesia, where she will render homage to the painter-poet, Paul Gauguin, who lived there for the glory of his art. That's what I call an exciting holiday.

Quiet Sundays. Those who still remain are thankful to the week-end rushers for procuring them quiet Sundays. You can now walk on the boulevards as easily as in an empty palace, and the noise has deadened out. It is the real time to see the sights of Paris. It is also the time to mend the roads. The whole of the city is topsyturvy. Great trenches are sunk and barricades are thrown across the roadways. In the midst



WINNER OF THE FIRST OFFICIAL SCOTTISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OVER THE OLD COURSE, ST. ANDREWS: MR. JOHN WILSON. Mr. John Wilson, the Prestwick schoolmaster, is the new Scottish golf champion, as he defeated Mr. Ted Blackwell at the nineteenth hole in the final of the Scottish Amateur Golf Championship.

Photograph by T.P.A.

of big thoroughfares like the Champs Elysées there are mysterious-looking wooden enclosures where entrance is forbidden. The Bois itself is being mended. You are prevented from going round the racecourse at Auteuil by tall barricades. And round Longchamp there are trenches and unsightly mounds of earth and a mass of pipes. Everywhere you see busy men intent on making the toilette of Gay Paree.

At the Opéra. On the summit of the roof of the Opéra one could see some days ago the little "rats" running in Indian file. It was very intriguing. But when one remembered that it was the day of the Opéra's dancers' competition the riddle was solved. These little girls who were on the point of undergoing the ordeal went to touch, with hands quivering with emotion, the porte-lyre of bronze which is said to be a happy fetish. Having thus caressed the pedestal of Apollo, they were sure of shining in the competition. To the music of the piano coryphées, *petits and grands sujets* tried with more faith their chance of promotion.

Boy Scouts. Hordes of Boy Scouts could be met with in the streets of Paris during the recent congress. They gathered in the Great Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, where Sir R. Baden-Powell addressed them before his departure. The army of Boy Scouts has now left the capital for Rheims and Versailles armed with their redoubtable pikes, which, happily, serve them only for works of peace. They aroused in the hearts of the citizens nostalgia for fields and forests, and envy for their solid, healthy appearance. JEANNETTE.

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Photo by Arbuthnot

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Willow Calf
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"THREE CASTLES"

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"The Virginians"



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Graceful TEAGOWN in rich Lyons Chiffon Velvet, which slips over the head without any fastening, is caught in at the low waist with side gaugings and self-corded belt, has the distinction of the new side trains and is finished with self binds. In a large range of colours and black.

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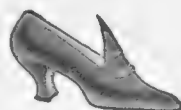
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THE EXQUISITE FLAVOUR

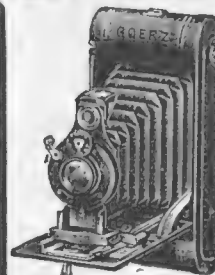
and remarkable brilliancy of
Foster Clark's Jellies put
them in a class by them-
selves. They always set firm.

Sold in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint and pint packets at popular prices.



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GOERZ



The new **TENGOR** is a roll film model taking standard films. Beautifully made and light in weight.

$3\frac{1}{2}'' \times 2\frac{1}{4}''$ weighs only 12½ ozs.

$4\frac{1}{2}'' \times 2\frac{1}{4}''$ weighs only 18 ozs.

PRICES: $3\frac{1}{2}'' \times 2\frac{1}{4}''$ with Symmetrical Doublet £3 5 0

With Goerz Anastigmat F7.7 £4 5 0

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THE BEST CAMERA VALUE AT THE PRESENT DAY.

Stocked by all high-class dealers.

LIST No. 15 free from

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4-6, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.1.

Agents at Glasgow: W. A. C. Smith; Keig & Young; and Pollock & Stewart.

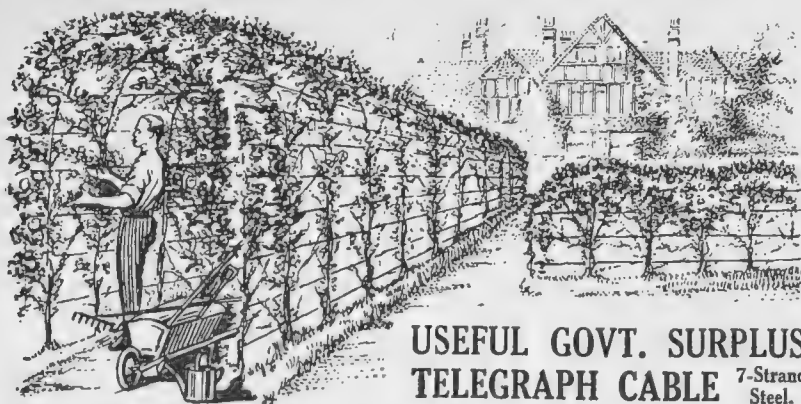
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IS FROM KING'S CROSS (G.N.)

Train Service, Holiday Booklets, etc., obtainable from Supt. of Line, G.N.R., King's Cross Station, London, N.1, or any of the Company's Offices & Stations.

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EAST COAST ROUTE



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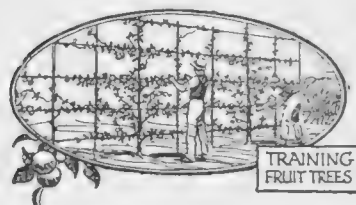


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CAN BE USED FOR

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Saves Pounds in the Packing Dept.

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Suitable for most jobs in the Garden
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300 ft.	500 ft.	1,000 ft.
3/-	5/-	7/6

Coiling and Postage, 1/-. Coiling and Postage, 1/6. Coiling and Carriage, 2/-.
25/- per mile, 1 drum. Carriage forward.
40/- per 2 miles, 2 drums. " forward.
£5 per 5 miles, 5 drums. " PAID.

All No. 3 is sold.

No. 2.

For Heavier Work.

300 ft.	500 ft.	1,000 ft.
3/6	6/-	8/6

Coiling and Postage, 1/-. Coiling and Postage, 1/6. Coiling and Carriage, 2/-.
40/- per 2 miles, 1 drum. Carriage forward.
£6 per 6 miles, 3 drums. " PAID.

Terms Cash with Order.

Telephone : East 1821.

NEW LONDON ELECTRON WORKS, Ltd.,
12, REGENT'S DOCK, LIMEHOUSE, E. 14.



NERVE STRAIN.

Mr. Charles R. Read, the Professional Lawn Tennis and Squash Racquets Champion of the British Isles, writes :
"Throughout my twenty years' connection with the Queen's Club and as Professional Champion of the British Isles, both in Lawn Tennis and Squash Racquets, I owe a tremendous lot to Phosferine for keeping me in that thoroughly fit condition by which I hold these distinctions against all challengers. To do one's best in any contest of importance, one must have full confidence in one's ability, as the nerve strain on these occasions is always very great, and I am fully convinced during the whole of my sporting experience, both in exhibition and championship contests, that Phosferine has helped very greatly to ensure many of my successes. I cannot speak too highly of its value in always maintaining full nerve strength, as it ensures that steady hand and true eye judgment which puts a player into the first rank. Large numbers of players recognise the 'good tone' Phosferine gives to their nerves, and the 'snap' they can get into the most strenuous game, without any feeling of subsequent limpness."

PHOSFERINE

CURES AND PREVENTS

TIREDNESS AND EXHAUSTION

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Sleeplessness	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Exhaustion	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Nerve Shock
Nervous Debility	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"MID-AUGUST, and you expect to be doing any trade?"

"You want a pretty strong microscope to find any business just now."

"A decent Kodak and an enlarging apparatus—"

"What's the good of them? I suppose you've got some far-fetched idea in your head, but you needn't trouble to work it out. If—"

Our Stroller took his usual midday "nap" from a Throgmorton Street tipster.

"Straight from the horse's mouth, I suppose?" he remarked.

"Broadcasted by radio from 'is left off-oof," was the confidential reply. "But choo'l git sevens about it, if you're quick."

Our Stroller shook his head. "I don't feel commercial to-day," he said. "I—"

"That's unlucky," and his broker tucked a friendly arm into his. "Because I haven't dealt to-day, and I thought I'd found a victim."

"Tell me how to make a pony between now and the next contango day."

"Only a pony? You're modest, compared with some of my clients."

"What do you tell them, if it isn't a rude question? War Loan and National Savings Certificates?"

"Humourist, aren't you! Most of my questions are concerned with Uroz, British Controlled Preferred, Russo-Asiatics, and things like that."

"They've all got 'em, I suppose?"

"Naturally. Or else they've got a red-hot tip to buy, and only ask you as a kind of spreading-the-responsibility."

"What do you tell them?"

"Well, it's rather difficult. When people

have bought Uroz and East Rand Mining Estates, and you give them your candid opinion about the shares, clients get quite ratty. All you can say—"

"East Rand Mining Estates are absolute rubbish, aren't they?"

"Of the first water. And Oil shares are very speculative. You can't say much more than that. The companies may be perfectly good, well managed, and all that, but such a lot must depend upon what discoveries come along."

"I'd rather wait and pay more for the shares when there's greater activity."

"Lots of people are like that. It sounds all right, but, supposing any good news comes in, you find the price up half-a-crown before you get a look in."

"There's that about it. Still, the Oil Market is so dead—"

"That's it. And clients are so fed up with Shells and Eagles and Trinidad things that it may be a long time before we get them back into Oil again."

"Then it's Kaffirs or nothing."

"You leave out Home Rails and Industrials?"

"Can't depend upon any speculative market just at present," said another man who had drifted along. "Stick to good stuff for your investments, and the popular shares for your specs.; then you can't go far wrong."

"Popular shares?"

"Courtaulds, Tobacco shares, Marconis—"

"I think Marconis are dangerous, anyway."

"They're all going for a bad dividend: some of the pessimists have been talking about nothing at all for the final."

"I'd wait and see what the dividend's going to be, and then buy the shares directly afterwards."

"That's where you Londoners get the pull of us who live in the country," complained a bucolic-looking person, with a check suit of

the Your-Move-Next variety. "We don't have the chance of buying and selling on the spot, like you do."

"Thank your lucky stars for that"—and a Stock Exchange man slapped the speaker heartily on the back. Its owner was half-inclined to be resentful.

"I call your congratulations rather hard," he protested, rubbing his shoulder against the Stock Exchange. "First, I'm handicapped by living in the country—"

"Don't you believe it," the House man consoled. "Being on the spot is a deadly thing for your bank balance."

"But you must get to know far more than we do"—it was the same complaint that Joseph's brethren voiced when they found him a bull of corn in Egypt, their own sacks being empty at the time.

"Apply a practical test: how many Stock Exchange men retire with a fortune every year out of the four thousand of us?"

"I don't know. A thousand?"

"Make it a score and you'll be over-generous. That shows you, doesn't it, how far we benefit by being on the spot?"

"Well, I don't understand it."

"Neither do I," admitted Our Stroller.

"You can sell a bear or buy a bull of anything that has an active market. One or the other is certain to be right. You have two choices, and by one of them you are bound to make money. One would have thought—"

"So does everybody. By the mere law of average, the chances in favour of making money should be equal, and with your inside knowledge the odds ought to be well in your favour. Of course, I know it's got to be in a liquid market—"

"Oh, well, if that's the only *sine qua non*, come along."

"And her mother came too," hummed Our Stroller, as he joined the procession.

Friday, Aug 4, 1922.

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.

By appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.



Fancy Bathing

LANGUID LABOUR

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

NOBODY detests work more than I do, and my nausea has been intensified by the fact that, unable to avoid it, I have been working sixteen hours a day, most Sundays included, for the last six months. This sounds like a hilarious lie, but it is a disgusting truth.

The copper of my gardener's cottage required repairing, and a temporary charlady's husband, being an out-of-work but lusty bricklayer, was offered the opportunity of exhibiting his skill upon it. He strolled up one sunny morning and after a little contemplation, agreed to do the job for 12s. But the next day was chilly, so he sat by the fire, and the following day he was occupied in drawing his unemployment dole.

Now, logically and philosophically, I do not blame the man a scrap. Man is not born with the instinct to work; he only works from sheer necessity. Personally, I would not choose to do another stroke of work or be beguiled to write another line—except, perhaps, an occasional midnight Bacchanalian poem to awaken my morning laughter—unless necessity compelled, or inspiration rudely intervened.

The lusty bricklayer, with his dole and the well-earned increment of his buxom wife, finds life's imperative necessities provided for. So why should he disturb his pleasant lethargy? His emotions are satisfied by his beer and onions and bountiful buxomity, just as mine are appeased by Dry Tokay and caviare and delicate frailty. Our tastes are slightly different, but if I am foolish enough to surrender to them it is only just that I should work like hell to provide for them.

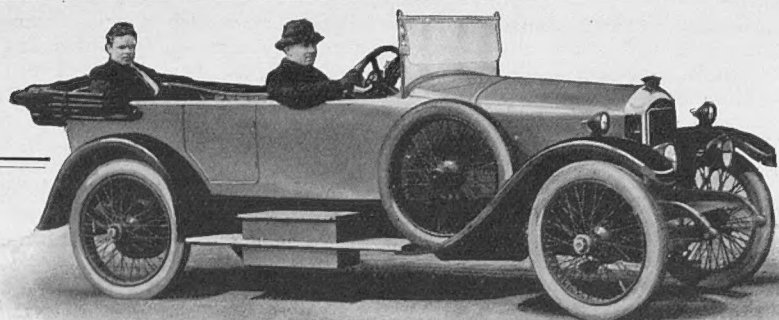
There is, however, a slight fly in the ointment of the Utopian bricklayer. The caviare-seeker, finding supplies short from Communist Russia, will shortly be unable, despite his generosity, to provide for even an onion appetite. Then, of course, doles will automatically cease.

* * * * *

Destroy incentive and energy is enervated. Doles are the acceptance of decadence. For the sake of his digestion, if not for his self-respect, every man who accepts a dole should be compelled to give the country an equivalent in labour. Incidentally, many of the roads in England are abominably neglected.

It is fortunate the Government are not required to provide me with a dole. I should require at least five Duchies of Lancaster. Meanwhile, here are the prices of the most successful tailoring business in the West End. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
2, 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C.
ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER



Straker - Squire Perfection

is the foundation of the Straker-Squire 4-cylinder model.

Its design bears eloquent testimony to the close attention that has been paid to those details that spell real motoring pleasure.

This is visible in every little detail. The oil-filler, for instance, is unobscured by other units. Every other part is equally accessible. The top gear-dog is undercut to provide for easy engagement—these are indicative of the many serviceable features that single out the Straker-Squire "four" as an essentially sound proposition.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION

ENGINE: 4-cylinder en bloc 90 m/m × 120 m/m.
LUBRICATION: Automatic. COOLING: Thermo Syphon. IGNITION: Magneto. CLUTCH: Single plate gear box. 4 speeds & reverse. DRIVE: Spiral Bevel. BRAKES: Internal expanding on back wheels. STEERING: Worm and complete wheel type. SUSPENSION: Long semi-elliptic springs. WHEELS: Rudge-Whitworth detachable. EQUIPMENT: Electric Lighting & Starting, Speedometer, Clock, etc.

PRICE **£790** COMPLETE

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*Rolls-Royce Cars and
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are the best in the World.*

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of the
Post-War Rolls-Royce.*

"THE car is running most beautifully, and after having owned and driven nine or ten cars previously—high-class English, Italian, Belgian and American—I am able to appreciate, acknowledge and glory in the wonders and super qualities of the Rolls-Royce Car."

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*Telephone:
Mayfair 6040 (4 lines).*

GENERAL NOTES.

SALMON fishermen will be rejoiced to hear that Miss Bell-Irving, M.F.H. Dumfries Otter Hounds, has been showing good sport and killing otters, as these animals are so destructive to salmon. Miss Bell-Irving's hounds have been hunting the Tweed and the Liddle among other Border rivers. They travel about in their own motor-van. Miss Bell-Irving is the niece of Mr. J. J. Bell-Irving, of Makerstoun House, and a cousin of the Hon. Mrs. Ian Maitland, daughter-in-law of Viscount Maitland, the son of the Earl of Lauderdale.

Miss Betty Addis, the eldest of Sir Charles and Lady Addis's seven daughters, and a recent débutante, will be married in China, for her fiancé, Mr. Bernard, is in business in Hong Kong, being in Jardine, Matheson, and Son, the well-known firm of merchants. Miss Addis is one of a large family, as she has twelve brothers and sisters! Sir Charles Addis is very proud of his thirteen children, and they certainly are an impressive family party. Sir Charles is a well-known figure in the world of finance, as he is Chairman of the London Committee of the Shanghai and Hong Kong Bank, a Director of the Bank of England, and President of the Institute of Bankers. Miss Addis met her fiancé when on a visit to China last year, and, though she is to be married away from home, one of her brothers will be there to give her away.

It seems early to think of autumn dance fixtures, but, since Society is now scattering till October or November, it is as well to note the dates of the important winter festivities. The Three Arts Club costume ball will take place this year at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Thursday, Dec. 7. Early applications for tickets are always wise, as the supply of double tickets at three guineas each, or single tickets at two guineas, is limited. All inquiries should be sent to Miss Chute, at the Three Arts Club, 19A, Marylebone Road, N.W.1.

Gone for ever are the days when a woman's worth was measured solely by her proficiency in the art of cooking. In these busy times few women can afford the hours spent by their grandmothers in poring over old recipes and cookery books—and, indeed, it is no longer necessary that they should, for recent years have seen a great advance in the manufacture of labour-saving devices for the kitchen. No cakes are as appetising as those which are home-made, and even the most inexperienced cook can produce a variety of delicious cakes and buns if she will call to her aid Foster Clark's Eiffel Tower Bun Flour, which may be obtained from any grocer in small packets sufficient to make either one light cake or fifteen tempting and wholesome buns. This excellent bun-powder is made in various flavours, including lemon, almond, ginger, vanilla, and cinnamon. It will be found invaluable by every housewife, as it is

not only quick and easy to use, but also extremely economical. Delightful cakes can be made from Eiffel Tower Bun Flour far more cheaply than with the ordinary ingredients.

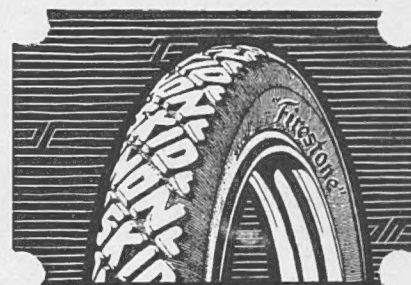
Many housewives will be glad to know that "Emilia," the well-known cookery expert, whose excellent little columns appear frequently in papers devoted to feminine interests, has now prepared a useful booklet containing over a hundred and fifty new recipes, which will be sent free of charge to all who send a penny stamp for postage to Lea and Perrins, 8, Midland Road, Worcester, the makers of the famous original Worcester Sauce. These recipes are all extremely simple to follow, and necessitate the use of only the most ordinary ingredients. The dishes prepared from them are really delicious, however, and "Emilia's" handy little booklet will considerably widen the scope of home cookery.

People travelling by the G.E.R. to Zeebrugge, Belgium, disembarking at Zeebrugge, should make provision in their plans to spend half-an-hour at the Mole. It is well worth a visit, as the scene of the greatest naval exploit since Trafalgar. But the average traveller is very apt to pass forgetfully by one of the most permanent monuments to British naval prowess. The whole of the details of the fight are set forth in a booklet which can be obtained on the Mole, and every facility is afforded the visitor.

There's *worth* in Kenilworth

The "Kenilworth" crop now being used has developed magnificently in store, and is making the finest Virginians procurable to-day at any price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/6 for 20; 3/8 for 50; 7/4 for 100.

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Multiplied Economies

THE values now obtainable in Firestone tyres are outstanding examples of to-day's low cost of dependable mileage.

Minute economies—so small as to seem negligible to the layman's eye—become great in the aggregate. In the Firestone factories, scientific organisation and equipment have reduced waste to the minimum and effected every possible saving.

It is a matter of organisation pride that Firestone tyres shall deliver their great mileage at the lowest cost per mile. The multiplied economies of large-scale production have made it possible at this time to give car-owners tyres of the finest quality at prices never equalled in the past.

"Most Miles per Shilling"

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Telephone: A. 5000 1915.

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Old Father Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get his old crony a drink;
He brought from there, with a satisfied air,
A bottle of — *what do you think?*

Greer's O.V.H. SCOTCH WHISKY

of course — See that you always
have a supply handy

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UNEQUALLED VALUE. PERFECT FIT.
EXCLUSIVE MATERIALS. BEST STYLES.

SUITS &
OVERCOATS

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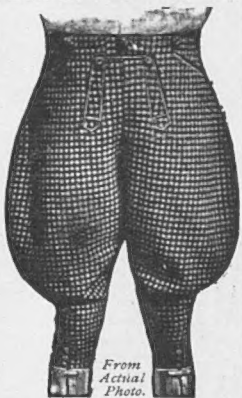
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TWO KINDS.
Unsweetened
(The Original)
64d. Bottle (makes
2 gallons).
Sweetened
(No sugar required).
94d. Tin (makes
25 glasses).

THE WRITING ON THE SKIES

WHEN the writing on the skies, the scudding or heavy clouds, speak to you of coming storms or tropical downpours, your holiday mood is little disturbed, you are prepared for any weather. Your light-weight RAINCOAT, packed in small compass, is in readiness for your protection, cleaned, retinted, or re-proofed on the eve of holiday by

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INCORPORATING JOHN BERRIE LTD

They can help you
to spend a dry and enjoyable
summertime holiday.

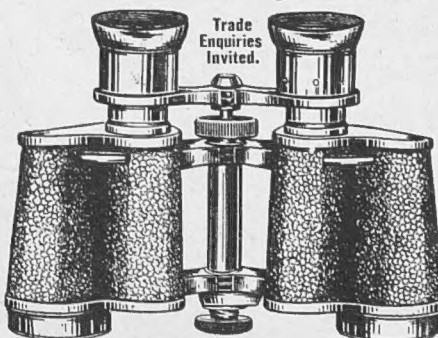
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£4 : 19 : 6



Binoculars, 12 gn. model 8x, by Colmont, Paris. Extra large object lens, giving large field of view, bending bar, screw and separate eyepiece focus, great penetration power, name of ship distinctly read three miles from shore, in solid brown-leather sling case, week's free trial. Great Bargain, £4 : 19 : 6. Approval with pleasure. We hold a large stock of second-hand Prismatic Glasses, all in new condition, by Colmont, Zeiss, Goerz, Lemaire, Hensoldt, Voigtlander, Leitz, Busch, &c., from £4 : 4 : 0 to £9 : 9 : 0 a pair. List sent post free.

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The Pen for Rapid Writers.
Runs very smoothly and
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ENDS BATTERY TROUBLE.

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Original and Leading Turn-clothes Tailors
Send along at once. Carriage Paid one way.

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An Exquisite and Lasting Fragrance

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PHÛL-NĀNĀ FACE POWDER

Adherent and unobtrusive, it is deliciously cooling and refreshing, and of such marvellous fineness and purity that it is beneficial to even the tenderest complexion.

Perfume, 4/9, 9/6 and 19/- per bottle; Face Powder, 9½d. and 1/2 per box; Powder Leaf Books, 7d. each; Toilet Soap, 10½d. and 1/7 per tablet; Toilet Cream, 1/3; Dental Cream, 1/3; Bath Crystals, 2/9 and 5/3; Hair Lotion, 10/-; Toilet Water, 8/6; Shampoo Powders, 3d. each; Brilliantine (Liquid), 2/-; (Solid), 1/4; Talcum Powder, 1/3; Sachets, 9d.; Cachous, 6d.

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The Scent of the Japanese
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